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HARRY BURKE BRINGS TO THE SETTLEMENT THE NEWS THAT THE INDIANS AND RENEGADES ARE APPROACHING.

WERTZAL THE SCOUT;

OR,

The Phantom of the Black Hills.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

CHAPTER IV.

IMMIGRATION.

It was nearly a year previous to the time upon which this story opens. The level beams of the setting sun shone over the wide plain, lighting up its beauties resplendently, and girding the eastern slope of a distant range of hills with recumbent shadows. At a first glance one might think the setting sun and fitful breeze alone held possession of the vast territory; but in a little valley, near a talkative stream that descended in curious, cut-glass patterns down the declivity, a party of immigrants had come to a halt, and were making preparations to encamp for the night. The horses were taken from the wagons and tethered near by, the camp-kettles were already swinging above the kindling fires, and a sort of hungry hilarity manifested itself in the entire party. The consciousness that they were near the end of the tiresome route—that the morrow's travel would bring them to their destination—had as cheerful an influence upon the spirits as the clear and buoyant air of the wide, sweet plains.

"Now, then, Kate," said Mr. Burke to his daughter, "I find that your spirits have not flagged through the entire journey, and I had my fears at the time of starting that you would yield to home-sickness and discourage us all with morbid fears of imaginary dangers, which, you perceive, are mostly newspaper fabrications, as we have encountered nothing to cause the slightest alarm."

Before Kate could reply, she at the moment being busily blowing the smouldering fire into a blaze, Master Harry, a younger, teasing, favorite brother remarked—

"Oh, well, her mental barometer would have shown lots of stormy weather, if she hadn't had a huge magnet in some old fort on the border."

"Henry," said his father, "you go bring your sister a little more kindling," while Kate, watching her opportunity as the youngster darted past, caught him by the wrist and brought him within arm's length, where she first softly boxed his ears and then laughingly kissed his cheek.

Meanwhile the elder boy, and the two other men burnished up their rifles, and Mrs. Dikes, the second woman of the party, also busied herself in preparing the evening meal.

"Where upon earth did Jason straggle to?" at length Mr. Burke inquired, glancing about at the creeping dusk; "if he loses the points of the compass, it would be a deal worse than losing a shot at the buffalo which drew him away from us."

One of the other men now for the first time seemed to give the matter a t ought, and arising to his feet he made a patent telescope of his hand, and placing his eye to the circular opening swept the prairie from North to South and East, in search of the truant member of the party.

No horseman, no moving thing met the searching gaze. Still no one felt more than a trifle uneasy, although Jason had separated from the party early in the afternoon, not intending to be long absent. He had, however, taken upon himself the mission of bringing in some meat, as a lone buffalo had been noticed in a southerly direction; the beast being, no doubt, a wounded or straggling member of a herd distracted by the raiding Indian hunters. Jason rode a magnificent horse, whose wind and speed were so superior to the other beasts of the party that the men felt it useless to suggest accompanying him.

The evening meal was partaken of with a relish wholly unimaginable save by a free rider of the plains; while yet another hour passed and the straggling hunter did not return. A general feeling of alarm took possession of the minds of the party. Yet they could do no more than wait, not knowing, if they thought to go in quest of him, which route to pursue.

Another and another hour wore on, and the women were induced to seek the shelter of the wagons for needful rest; but Catherine Burke had too lively an interest in each and every member of their party to think of sleeping, and only to please her father did she make any attempt to seek repose.

The small number of men gathered around the smouldering fire, while each passing moment increased their fears for their companion's welfare.

"One of two things is certain," at length remarked Lawton, who for the most part had remained silent; "Jason's either lost the trail, which ain't likely, or else he's been gobbled up by them 'ar lousy reds."

"I mostly fear the latter," said Burke.

A general nodding of heads showed the belief to be universal.

It was now a trifle past midnight. Midnight on the plains—the wide waste of prairie—so still, so shadowy below, so sparkling with myriads of stars above, how the anxious ear noisily throbbed of itself in its very intensity of listening for other sounds.

"It's best that we should get some rest," observed Dikes. "I will watch for an hour or two while you sleep, and then I will exchange places with some one and rest myself for the morrow's journey."

The advice was good and readily accepted, and the weary immigrants, in spite of their anxiety for their missing companion, were soon in a heavy slumber.

Dikes, with his thumb upon the hammer of his rifle, which was protected from the damp of night by the flap of his blouse, stalked silently around and around the wagons, glancing continually from the ravine to the open plains beyond. His mind was teeming with gloomy forebodings concerning the fate of their fellow-traveller. But the slowest time gets out of our grasp somehow. An hour and a half more of the Summer night slid back into the past eternity, and the weary sentinel was just thinking to arouse one of the sleepers, when from the moveless silence around a dull echo reached his ear and quickened his pulses into tumultuous beating. He called out a sort of "whist" to his fancy, and said "it came from the wagons."

No; from that first faint echo it increases to a steady, prolonged, continuous jar. Dikes leaped into the circle of sleepers.

"Boys—Burke—Jim Burke—spring up! There's some sound running through the night that bodes no good. Up, up! Good God! it's close upon us. Ben, run for the horses. Hear that cry! Quick! look to your rifles."

The startled group came to their feet, huddled together, moveless as statues. Kate Burke was a little in advance of her young brother, her supple figure bending forward, her large dilating eyes staring fixedly toward the direction from whence the sound had proceeded.

Again the night was traversed by that wild, clear, thrilling cry. Every shrinking, listening ear caught the reverberating wail, and conveyed its piercing echo through and through the quivering brain.

On the next instant, in the dim outer line reached by the night-blinded eyes, there burst a vision of a flying steed that swerved a little to the left of the horrified group, actually seeming to swoop over them with the frightful rush of a low, flying comet, and then, with two unearthly cries winding and twisting together, the dreadful apparition swept above and over the brawling rivulet and ravine, and rushed like a winged dragon toward the distant low-lying Black Hills.

Each person of the group standing under the wide arch of the blue dome held to their frozen, moveless posture—Kate Burke still half crouching before her boy brother as if to ward off a coming thunderbolt—every one being painfully, horribly conscious that still other sounds were rushing toward them from the direction whence had appeared the phantom rider.

The elder Burke seemed the only person of the group capable of speech.

"Boys, hold to your rifles. Kate hug closer to the centre. Hah! God defend us!"

A high-shouldered horse crashed into their very midst with every limb trembling, and clots of bloody foam oozing from his wide-open mouth, his every breath coming with a groan; and hugged flat down upon his neck, with arms flipping aimlessly as if loose in the socket, was a human figure holding to the stiff and matted mane with his teeth.

The flickering camp-fire flashed an instant into brighter glow, and a simultaneous cry of horror burst from the lips of the entire party.

CHAPTER V.

BARBARISM.

It was Jason, their companion, spitted to the horse with Indian arrows. From each thigh to the knee the red fiends had fenced him in. Life was not quite extinct. He could just gasp, "Sioux! Sioux! Go back to the trail—get on! get on!" and then he swooned away, and never woke again.

The terrified immigrants tossed their luggage together, and dashed the horses back into the shafts. Young Ben Burke attempted to release poor Jason, but so infuriated his already agonized brute that he burst away from the restraining hand and dashed wildly off into the night.

It was a most fearful strait in which the party found themselves—for to regain the broad Indian trail which they had purposely gone aside from when hunting for a night's camping-ground, they must drive for three-quarters of a mile directly back toward the approaching foe. Otherwise an unknown and untraversed route might involve them in difficulties from which they would be unable to extricate themselves.

The rattling and rumbling of their own wagons distracted them, as it prevented their listening for other sounds. Dikes, Lawton, and young Ben galloped ahead with eyes strained in the darkness, and ears drumming a maddening tattoo in their own cavities; while Mr. Burke and the boy Harry, lashed their horses into so furious a pace that the upsetting of the wagons was no improbable thing to expect. Mrs. Dikes was half dead with terror—but Kate, brave as any heroine, supported her companion with one hand and held to the rocking vehicle with the other.

With a rattle of the wheels, and a creaking and grating of colliding springs and tires, the teams swung into the broad travelled trail; and, while Dikes, Lawton, and Ben scoured along to the right and left and in the rear, pushed rapidly forward, happily reaching a small out-post unmolested. For some strange and unaccountable reason the murderous Sioux, after spitting the solitary hunter, had struck off in another direction.

Mr. Burke, on finally arriving at his destination, considered himself particularly fortunate in the locality of his claim. He had purchased through the agency of a friend, and found his tract lying hard by a settlement of some eight or ten families, who possessed comfortable cabins and two frame houses. One of these latter buildings Mr. Burke was fortunate enough to purchase; the builder having gone rather ahead of his means, had found himself embarrassed with debt in consequence, and unable to enter into as extensive farming operations as he deemed advisable. Therefore, as the house lay close upon the Burke land, all parties were pleased to have the property change hands, the new-comers especially, as they could now immediately turn their attention to the soil. Fifteen miles back lay quite a military outpost, with a fortification mounting two guns, and Mr. Burke had no doubt but that the muzzles of those formidable weapons, pointing obliquely toward the fifteen-mile-away settlement, would intimidate any ruffianly horde that might be scampering still further out.

In two months' time Kate Burke, sighting the New Era from afar, was ready to give her vote for the West—the wild, free, broad, jubilant West—where proprieties, social wedgings-in, and conventional fetters had slid over the edge of that Old Orange, the Earth; and dangled out of sight, like the *debris* of an exploded meteor. In her Eastern home the cry of her heart, "My kingdom for a horse," had met with no response; but in the new land, where a horse is the first necessity, home and luxuries coming under the head of "Section Second," her wishes were gratified, and nearly half her days were spent in the saddle, dashing about with the freedom of a bird, and getting a glow in her pale face rich as the sun-kissed cheek of an apple.

Mr. Burke, who had seen his wife and a large family of children go one by one over the "River of Death," took heart again, and believed these three, Benjamin, Kate and Henry would live to bless his declining years and close his dying eyes.

The tide of Indian atrocities had never set in that direction—the nearest approach was the burning of the settlement of Beckford, twenty miles farther south; and so the newspaper items that kept them in the East were voted libels on the country.

Nine months after their arrival at their new home they were mildly ecstatic over their future prospects. Broad fields of waving grain promised an early and abundant harvest. Grand tracts of corn showed on all sides the gigantic stalks crossing blades with each other, among which the gadding winds rattled from ear to ear; and Kate Burke, radiant with health, and overflowing with vivacious spirits, standing on the balcony of their rather pretentious house, looked abroad upon the surrounding country and pronounced her past life in the East as decidedly tame.

Lieutenant Strother at Fort W—— might have had considerable to do with burnishing up her mental landscape, yet we will insinuate nothing that time may disapprove.

Their settlement had been recruited by two fresh arrivals during the nine months of our friends' occupation of their tract; so that the neighborhood numbered thirty odd souls, including men, women and children.

A new town was springing up southwesterly, five or more miles from them, which fact made the prospect more encouraging and pleasing. Aside from the actual residents in these new places, there were many hunters and trappers visiting there at times whose tales of dangers overcome, and successful pioneering in other localities, afforded amusing entertainment and encouraged enterprise.

The frontiersman understands hospitality, and knows just how to extend a welcome to friend or foe; and Mr. Burke's door always swung inwardly at the sound of a knock. The eldest son, Benjamin, had naturally taken to farming. Harry, as naturally and quite as readily, took to horse-flesh, and raided about the plains continually in quest of turkeys and other game, which were heartily relished by the hungry farmers. No apprehensions of danger were felt either by the new-fledged hunter or the family at home, as his excursions seldom extended beyond a circle that touched at the before-named settlement, five miles away.

But after a time the boy's frequent meetings with the old trappers and hunters on the plains, had so enticing an influence upon his mind that he made longer journeys, and often absented himself for days together, until his family became seriously alarmed, and repeated their cautions over and over again. From constant practice he became an expert in rifle-shooting, and the veteran scouts who occasionally met with him prided themselves not a little on the skill of the boy-hunter.

CHAPTER VI.

WALTZING.

However, it is quite time that we look after a few of our friends, lest they become as a myth embalmed in memory. You remember that Richard Marsh, sitting upon the box with Daly, fancied that he saw a denser, darker shadow swimming against the murky background of nightly shades. While he was questioning the reality or falsity of his vision there came the crack of a rifle, and Daly, with arm upraised to lash the horses, toppled heavily forward, while Dick, grasping to save him, was jostled, together with the body, to the ground. He shouted twice for help, hoping that the other line might be within call, but the yell of the ruffians alone responded, as they seized the horses attached to the vehicle, and dealt Richard a blow with the butt of a horse-pistol which put all thoughts of danger, rescue or death from his brain. Another blow from a clubbed rifle rendered him totally unconscious. The third blow opened a long wound behind his temple from which the blood flowed freely. He was finally left for dead. The horses were detached, the mail robbed, the plunder being divided between two of them, the third villain, as previously arranged, accepting Emily Armstrong for his share of the spoils.

Late the next morning something aroused Dick to consciousness—a stiff, aching, throbbing feeling about the head with a mass of tangled-up sensations regarding the geography of his position and the nature of previous experiences.

What aroused him? Some dim, disagreeable sensation; but by what means administered—sound, sense or touch—he could not tell. He waited, unwilling to open his eyes, although he felt the hot rays of the sun pouring full upon him.

Insects were piping and filing their saws in the grass about him; but there, that came again, a fanning *whiffer, whiffer, whiffer* of wings, so close that the feathers swept his cheeks.

Ha! the buzzards were about settling upon him. The idea brought an instant's frenzy, wherein he sprang to a sitting position, and startled a score of the foul, hateful birds into a swifter flight and wider circle above him.

The pain of his head created an intense thirst, and after repeated efforts he arose to his feet and sought to divine which part of the compass was the most likely to afford him the needful succor.

The maddening anguish of his wounded head made connected thought impossible, and his whereabouts vague and undistinguishable. He was dimly sensible of a wide, seemingly boundless plain, without even the mirage of a lake or stream to lead him on. The pain in his head was growing more excruciating each moment; but with the frenzy of fever he walked forward, not daring again to lie down, lest the buzzards, who were flogging the air in sluggish circles above him, watching his movements as they would those of a wounded buffalo, should alight and in his unconsciousness tear the eyes from his head. Further and further out on the plains, although he knew it not, his wandering steps carried him.

Reeling and stumbling, he still struggled on, hoarsely whispering to himself, "Water! water! water!" Tottering at last, when the sun was close upon setting, he fell heavily to the earth, and thinking that he heard the rush of water greeting his ears, he lapsed into insensibility. Sank down a mere speck upon that wide, fearfully wide plain. * *

"Dead as 'er nit."

A human voice startled the silence of the vast prairie. This was an hour after Dick had fallen headlong upon the ground.

"Dead as 'er nit, and forty 'levin' buzzards waitin' round to bury him. 'Tain't a job of the reds work, fur thar's a great demand in thar market fur split leather, and as his wig's on, it depends that suthin' besides pitch-knots' hes been swoppin' accidents with him."

It was the old scout Wertzal, who had, with Captain Dave, so fortunately escaped death from the hands of the renegade Grouchy in the cabin by the ravine.

Quirky had considerable of a hand or paw in their escape; as he, being a well-brought-up animal, had been taught on especial occasions, like the attack on the cabin, to get out with his skin on, and to come up with his master by a wide circle. Therefore, when Quirky found the door split in by the assailants, having a desire to keep his skin up to market value by saving it from unnecessary rents, he started due east, and the ruffians baffled in their play of immediate capture, cursed the dog that darted between their legs, and would have brained him on the spot, only one of them pointed out the advantage of following the dog's lead, and thus securing his master. While they were carrying out this plan, Wertzal and Captain Dave were doing lively travelling in an opposite direction. When at a safe distance, the Captain whistled his mare to come up, and good fortune favoring the hunters they separated, and went safely on their different routes, Wertzal striking out for L—— to meet the train which he had agreed to guide to Santa Fe.

While travelling toward L—— he had, in what he was well aware was a dangerous locality, accidentally, or—providentially is the better word—nearly trodden upon the prostrate man whom he had pronounced, "dead as 'er nit."

A more careful survey revealed the fact that the wounded man actually breathed, and was warm with fevered life.

"This is pesky onlucky—this unfortunite hadn't orter be left to the buzzards—shan't be—but what upon airth am I gwine to do with him? He's a heavy chunk of human nater, and with my other 'cooterments I can't back him along with me. This is a bad siterwation."

Wertzal sank upon one knee and poured a draught from his canteen between the lips of the sufferer; and then from that position turned slowly around as if upon a pivot, sweeping the wide belt of horizon with his one, keen eye.

"That yonder's smoke," he soliloquized, gazing fixedly in one direction, "an', as I reckon, it's the driftont from a camp-fire. Now, if I thought that hereabouts was the stopping-place of a nest of them ar lice—pitch-knots—leastwise, stick-wigs—an' every other cantankerous eppythet that yer ken git—I should try to borry a horse for this occashun—I should by all the saints in the calendar. That ar smoke's 'bout four miles away as the crow flies. Paradventur, I'd do better ter git inter the settlement for aid—anyhow, I must do sumthin'. Thar's a little holler back a piece—minded it when I cum by. Guess I'll tug him back thar, under the knoll like, and then look fur a horse to move him with."

Wertzal, laying down his rifle, which Quirky volunteered to guard, grasped the wounded man in his arms and bore him back a hundred yards or so. He then placed him in a sort of basin, where a projecting hillock might afford some little protection from observation, and presently poured a few more spoonfuls from his canteen into the wounded man's lips. Then going back, he picked up his trusty firearm and started off in quest of aid.

After two miles' travelling he became convinced that the camp-fire was further off than he at first supposed, and he made up his mind to stride forward to the settlement and there obtain the needful succor. With a sudden and strange idea the scout bade the dog remain with the wounded man until his return. In consequence of this, although he moved with his usual cautious tread, he fell into an unexpected ambuscade. Two miles from the place where he had left Richard Marsh, missing the warning of the absent, faithful dog, he was astounded at the singing of a musket-ball by his ear, taking a neat scallop from the pliant gristle. His manner of life had taught him the necessity of instant action, and the report of his rifle followed instantly on the discharge of the other. The rough tumbling and thrashing in the grass showed that his aim had been truer by the fraction of an inch than the other, and that his bird lay winged on the ground. The charge of the second redskin's gun fortunately missed him, and then the Indian, with uplifted tomahawk, sprang forward. By an acrobatic leap old Wertzal dodged the blow, and knocking the weapon from the red-demon's hand, immediately grappled with him. It was a terrible waltz that ensued beneath the stars. Scuffle and kick, knife thrust and knife thrust, with each a hand grappling the throat of the other, round and round they went, the blood pouring from a dozen knife cuts. The struggle waxed fiercer. Hardly realizing that the smarting cuts were more than the scratching of finger nails, until he began to grow dizzy from the loss of blood, Wertzal believed that his last hour had come, and detesting the thought of meeting his death by a sneaking red-skin, he collected his every remaining faculty, and swinging his arm up, with the quickness of thought he dealt his last blow, and with what sounded like a huge Niagara loose in his ears, gave over the struggle.

CHAPTER VII.

LIEUTENANT STROTHER.

The sweet and lovely day was drawing softly to its close. A warm wind drifted in airy waves over the earth; the luxuriant grasses of the prairies rolled in variegated billows from border to border. The scents of a myriad flowers arose in one broad rich incense-offering to Heaven. Human hearts, capable of appreciating these wonderful pictures of nature, must be ready to second the old-time benediction of the Maker, who, looking upon the stupendous works of His omnipotent hand, pronounced all things good.

The variety of Nature's beauties, the vastness—the height, breadth, depth of her picture-gallery, is something to awaken emotions of awe and adoration. Unfortunately, too many minds are narrowed to that extent that they understand nothing aside from the everyday wants of the flesh.

A couple engaged in earnest conversation are riding slowly along the route that leads past fields of wheat and acres of corn. The man, whose well-knit, muscular form sits easily upon his horse, whose frank, handsome face is now wearing something of a shadow, we have not seen before. It is Lieutenant Strother, from Fort L——. From previous hints which we have thrown out, you are not surprised to find that his companion is Catherine Burke. Strother rides out occasionally for a brief visit—but now he appears so disturbed and altogether unnatural, that Kate finds herself quite at a loss to account for it.

"It is concerning these upspringing border troubles, Kathy. Others with whom I converse do not seem to be disturbed, while I—"

"Take a dyspeptic view of the matter."

"No, hardly; but it seems to me, not speaking egotistically—that I see pretty clearly the motives actuating this ruffianism. For one thing, the immigration of Eastern people enforces a stricter code of morals, and inflicts more stringent rules of law and order upon the country around. This is not in accordance with the taste of these lawless ruffians, and they revolt.

"You still hold to your belief that the Indians are no more aggressive than their white allies?"

"Certainly, I hold to that opinion. The Indian, too often fraudulently dealt with, is a formidable foe; yet he cannot surpass the white miscreants whose trade is pillage and murder."

"But you do not apprehend any immediate danger—that is, in this section of country?"

"My dear Kate, that is the matter upon which I have wished to speak to you. I *do* apprehend danger; and I would ask if it were not advisable that we carry this conversation into your father's presence?"

Kate's sunny brow clouded.

"I should not wish to alarm him unnecessarily; but I think the settlers of the entire border ought to be ready at any time to repel an attack. They may not advance so far northward as here, and, yet again, they may. There is no clue by which to judge of their movements. They do not take the places of any section in rotation, of course, and are apt to come upon those the least prepared to meet them. Grouchy seems determined to sweep everything before him, from the Texas line up along the whole frontier. It is the strangest thing how the fiend escapes, so many detachments of cavalry have followed his trail; and, besides, a half dozen of the best border scouts have tracked him to no purpose."

Catherine's face, so little time before glowing with the magic glorification of love's first sweet dream, now wore a troubled shade which detracted much from her piquant beauty.

"It would worry father into a fever to hear of this, Lieutenant Strother, and Harry continually absent upon the plains without any means of our knowing his whereabouts for days together."

"The boy, depend upon it, will soon hear and see enough to make him hug closer to the settlement."

Kate shuddered.

"It is hard to believe," she said, at length, glancing over the lovely landscape, "that such outrages can be perpetrated. All Nature smiling, while her breast is deluged with the innocent blood of her murdered children."

"I have had the same, or similar reflections, Kate, and can arrive at no solution of the problem, when I ask why such things are permitted to be."

They had now arrived at the farm-house, and Strother, springing from his horse, assisted Kate down from her saddle, and then again mounted.

To Mr. Burke's invitation to enter, he replied that he should even now be late in his arrival at the fort, and must mend his recent laggard pace.

"But, Mr. Burke, I would advise you, as being the oldest and leading man of the settlement here, to be vigilant. There are fearful outrages farther down toward the south."

"Taint likely we shall be molested with troops so near."

"Forewarned is forearmed," Strother returned, lifting his hat to the father as he rode away, and gallantly kissing his fingertips to Kate.

However, Strother's caution served to dampen the spirits of Kate and her father exceedingly.

"I can't think but that Ben would have heard of this if there was much in it;" was the old farmer's remark, after a period of silence.

"Father, I think he *has* heard of it, but didn't like to disturb us until there was actual need."

"One thing's certain, though," he went on, "Harry's got to tie up more regularly at home. He's been gone since—"

"Day before yesterday," prompted Kate.

"Yes, so he has. Faith, Strother's made me a trifle uneasy. I wish Ben was at home."

Benjamin, with two others of the settlers, was prospecting thirty or more miles away, with a view of buying land to speculate on.

Strange, that Mr. Burke and his daughter should let their minds dwell so upon what the lieutenant had said; for as it grew toward nightfall they became restless, and could not settle themselves to do anything. Mr. Burke took his rifle from the pegs where it had hung undisturbed for months, drew the charge, and reloaded it.

As birds and animals can frequently foretell the coming of storms, so there is often a prescient feeling in the human soul capable of foreboding disaster.

Finally, lighting his pipe, the old man walked along to the nearest neighbor's, and leaning against an out-building, brooded the subject uppermost in his mind.

Kate went up upon the balcony—her lookout as she termed it—and with varied emotions watched the sun drop beyond the line of vision. Now, by the new and sudden fears arising in her mind, was recalled that fearful encounter at midnight upon the plains, just previous to their arrival at the locality of their future home. That scene had been too often repeated in dreams for her to have forgotten it; but, perhaps never in her waking moments had it been so painfully recalled as on this evening. In vain her wandering fancy followed and tried to permanently fasten itself upon her lover—almost instantly her thoughts centered back to what he had told her; and quite unconsciously, she shaded her eyes with her hands, and swept the stretch of country lying before her with an anxious gaze.

"If Harry were only here to-night, or even Ben and Mr. Dikes," she murmured; "strange that this should come to us now."

The sunset glow had faded. In the east a wall of purple shadows showed that the twilight was near.

Just then a moving object far to the south caught her gaze. Her eye beamed with gladness, for there was no doubt that it was her truant boy brother. Eagerly she watched his progress homeward, drawing into a shadowy angle, that the distant light might seem more distinct.

"What a dreadful creature Harry is to ride," she mentally commented, watching his reckless speed.

Nearer, nearer yet; but it is not mere wanton spirit that urges the hunter forward. He is bareheaded, and his face appears gleaming ghastly white even at the distance out when Kate fully decides that it is her brother.

Dashing through the open window and down the stairs she ran outside to meet him.

Breathless he gasps—"Oh, Kate, oh, where's Ben and father?"

"What is it," inquires the sister, with a face almost as colorless as his own.

"Where is father? The Indians are coming; they are not more than ten miles away; see, see there."

Catherine looked in the direction indicated; billows of smoke were bulging skyward, with here and there a lance of flame pricking the sluggish folds.

Mr. Burke, being near by, and catching the wild tones of his boy's voice, came running up, accompanied by one or two others.

"Father, the Indians are coming—see there! Buford is in flames, I heard the women and children shrieking as I circled around the place. Where's Ben and Dikes?"

"Both gone to G——," was the disputed reply

"My God!" ejaculated the boy, "two of our best men gone; what can we do?"

"Can't we get to the fort?" called out the terrified women, hugging their children to their breasts.

Mr. Burke—grey-haired old hero—grown suddenly calm, faced the group.

"Men, do you say try it?—try getting to the fort, and abandoning the settlement to faggots and fire?"

"I can't say as the idee sets well on my stummick," returned a hale, middle-aged man, "I've stuck into and onto the sile hereabouts the savings of nigh onto forty years, and I'm goin' to stay by an' defend it or help to scatter the ashes—one, or t'other."

"Give me yer hand, Jim, I'm toe to toe with yer," exclaimed a second pioneer.

"Now then," says Burke, "I propose that the women and children gather within my log-barn. It was put up with an eye to business; it and Vickey's house command the southwestern advance. Look that your rifles are freshly loaded. Smoking them out at Buford's, that's sure;" as he turned his eye in that direction.

"And murdering them in cold blood, too, father. It must be that Grouchy leads them, or they wouldn't fight as they are doing, in broad daylight," remarked Harry; "and, father, we couldn't hold out against his horde of red devils one hour. Oh, if Ben were here, or if they knew our danger at the fort."

Burke, well aware of the truth of the boy's remark concerning their inability to cope with such fearful odds as were likely to be massed against them, looked around him despairingly.

"I know you're right, my boy; but with two of our number already gone, which of us could we spare to go for aid?"

No answer could be given, as the pioneer had presented the bare facts of the case.

"Father," it was a soft, clear, decided voice that spoke, "*I* will go to the fort and arouse the soldiers to our danger."

Every listener was aghast at the unlooked-for proposition.

"*You*, Kate, *you*?" groaned her father. "God be merciful, if it has come to this sore strait. I cannot, cannot consent."

"Father, to remain here inactive is to endanger us all."

"But fifteen miles—"

"Daisy is fresh, and will soon take me there."

"But if you meet with the red devils—"

"Even then, father, my fate is in the hands of God. Would it be harder for you to bear my falling on the plains, than by remaining here, perchance to see me perishing with the others? We might all be saved by prompt action."

"You are right, my child—your plan is the best; but oh, ride carefully, and may Heaven protect you!"

Mounting her small, fiery horse, she rode rapidly away from the settlement, not unmindful of the fact, as she kissed Harry's cheek, that she might be looking her last upon her friends and home.

We cannot follow her step by step, neither can we hope to depict her emotions upon arriving at the fort and learning that already a detachment of troops—all that the fort dared spare at one time—had ridden southerly in quest of a large war-party of Apaches that were hovering along the borders of the territory.

She paused aghast. What was to be done?

"My dear young lady, do not despair. Captain Wilder and the troops may be in in an hour's time, in which case we will send to your aid those now in the barracks."

"But it might be—it would be too late."

"Do not lose heart; although they were so near you, the fiends may not advance upon your settlement this time; and it were better for you not to think of returning until I can send an escort with you."

"Indeed I must immediately proceed homeward to share the fate of my family, as my father will be nearly wild with the uncertainty regarding me."

"If Strother were here he should at least ride with you part of the way, but on his arrival some hours since he was obliged to take a fresh horse and carry some messages to Colonel D—— at Stonington."

"I am, perhaps, as well alone," replied the intrepid girl.

"But it is my conviction that it would be safer for you to go by the south trail, as you would not then meet Grouchy's party if he should conclude to strike easterly from Buford, instead of moving on to your settlement."

Kate, taking his advice, rode southerly for the lower route. She did not, at once, start into a headlong pace. She fully realized that she would not be in time to render any assistance if the little community were doomed, and the strength of her horse had best be preserved for any emergency.

"Keep up your courage," the general had called after her at last, "for if Wilder gets in, I will have one of the guns discharged, and you will hear it, and know that help is coming."

The night was star-lighted, but yet rather dark as Summer nights are apt to be, when the moon is sky-larking beyond the angle of our vision. Yet the brave girl moved dauntlessly forward, now glancing from side to side for some lurking foe, and listening intently toward the fort with the eager hope that the boom of the heavy gun might announce that needful aid approached them.

No sight, no sound. The night seemed settled peacefully in slumber, only the grating, piping, filing of somnambulistic insects in the grass.

Half the distance safely passed, and Kate felt that she could increase her speed, while a mute gratitude for her protection from unseen disaster made her breast swell with emotion.

A thunderbolt falling from a clear sky could not have come more unexpectedly than the danger which without a premonitory foreboding, surrounded her pathway.

Just at dawn, skirting a slight, rounded elevation, she rode almost into the smouldering camp-fire of a small party of Indian warriors. Without a moment's hesitation, seeing that she was discovered, and knowing that the settlement was nearer than the fort, she crashed fairly over them, and started her horse into a race for life. With a wild whoop three or four of the fleetest riders mounted in pursuit.

CHAPTER VIII.

HARD RIDING.

Wertzal, recovering consciousness after the encounter, found himself unable to get upon his feet, so great had been his loss of blood. As often as he essayed the movement a blinding dizziness seized his brain and he fell back.

"By all the saints in the cullender, them several tappins has run all the sap out'r my old trunk," he soliloquized. "I believe that Quirky no longer exists as a dorg, and if I ever look at him again it will be as the extract of buzzard. It's 'mazin' dark yet, unless I've traded my last eye in this 'ere scrummidge. I'd gin a ping'r terbacker to know what end that second pitch-nig met with. He hadn't orter stayed arter my interpreter tole him he warn't needed around here, he wor none er the s'riped bugs. I guess they've done for old Wertzal this time—old Maugie Wertzal, the fort fellows stick-mertize me; but then, all on us hev got to lay toes up sometime. Still I hate the notion of them ar buzzards embalmin' my remains—fact." The old scout lay for some moments again almost unconscious. But a faint whine met his ear, and sent a quiver through his stalwart frame. "Quirky, if I live, or his dorg-ghost;" and bringing his lips in shape, he uttered a soft, clear whistle, giving all his remaining strength to the exertion.

There was a rush through the grass, and the dog leaped upon his master's breast, and beat his ribs with his stumpy tail.

"Why, Quirky, my man," said the delighted Wertzal, "this sets life agoin' again in the jingerlar veins—an' if my interpreter was near, an' I could get my hinges on the perpendickerlar, like's not I could git somewhar an' come to."

For three hours longer the veteran scout lay motionless ere the night began to creep away before the approach of dawn. The white glow widened in the East, and gradually drove the shadows before it. When the gray had changed to vermilion, the old scout rolled his head wearily over, and muttered:

"Done to—done to, this time."

In a few seconds, however, he spoke again.

"That ain't the dorg warming my leg in that way; the blood is running yet from some of the wounds."

He gradually brought his head around toward his knees, and with one powerful effort of the will, rather than of bodily strength, he tore a strip from his jacket and tucked it under his leg, and after several attempts succeeded in tying it over the gash.

Any one gazing upon him after this exertion would have decided that he was dead; his utter stillness, his livid face, his hands smeared with blood, seemed to evidence the fact.

A peculiar snarl of the dog sent a sensation like fire through every weakened nerve of the old hunter's frame.

"That means *pitch-wigs*; but I can't calkerlate to do anything more. If my interpreter—" He swung out his arm, and his knuckles rapped the breech of his trustworthy rifle. The touch was like a draught of elixir.

"Wall, I must 'er hurt that second bug, else he'd 'er took my old gal here, an' my—" managing to get his hand to his head "an' my scalp. Vow, I never thought on't afore, an' imagined I war a wearin' my skull bones mostly outside. Come, come, Wertzal, you may come round an' be sum'body yet; thar's considerable of the ole machinery left to work on. Fust, lemme see, if I can get my interpreter stuffed with ginger. I'd like powerful well, if the 'casion required to hear her gin one'r them 'ar pitchwigs a conundrum to answer."

Old Wertzal crawled over on his stomach, and in that position managed to get a charge into his rifle.

Since the first warning growl the dog had made no sound, but remained crouching upon the hillock where he had made the discovery, whatever it was, with his nose extended upon his trembling paws, and his green, glassy eyes steadfastly fixed upon the far plain.

The scout looked eagerly toward him.

"If I war only thar now—I *must get thar*."

With this he commenced crawling toward the elevation. A few moments' struggling resulted in a groan and a thought of abandoning the idea, but a knowledge of the animal's intelligence gave another spasm of strength to the weakened muscles, and he advanced several yards. Quirky seeing his master trying to move toward him, gave a low, shuddering growl and kept his moveless position.

"Yes," said the old hero, "I'm comin'. Good dorg, as kep' watch all night—we'll see, we'll see, ole fellar."

It took him several minutes to crawl to the top of the elevation, but he reached it at last, and sank panting and exhausted beside his dog. Resting his elbows upon the earth he propped his chin between his hands and sought to discover the cause of the animal's emotion.

Directly back of them was a tract of rolling prairie, raising itself frequently into round hills of considerable size. Southerly and westerly was a broad plain—one of those vast tracts that suggest to the mind the idea that probably in the primal ages, here ebbed and flowed a now nameless ocean, beating the base of the Rocky mountains, and traversed by brigs and barges of those races whose mounds and relics alone record the fact that they did once exist.

Broad daylight now lay in mild radiance over the earth. The one eye of the scout, girdled by the mouth of his patent hand-telescope, now beheld the cause of the dog's emotion. Clearly defined, a horse and its rider were scouring the plains, fleet as an antelope, and at the moment when he discovered them were making straight toward his resting place.

Not many hundred yards in the rear of the first figure came another, a seemingly winged dragon; then another, and still a third.

One long, full, devouring glance, and if there was no blood, there was fire running through the entire net-work of veins threading the body of the hunter.

There was no mistaking the tableau. The nearly upright, steady figure, and changeless position of the arms of the forward rider, told of a white hand holding firmly by the bridle rein; while the half crouching, swaying forms, with the wild, flourishing arms of the pursuers, bespoke the savage demons of the frontier.

"God! what odds," gasped Wertzal "three agin one, but the bloodiest devil-ing; in twenty minutes they will fall so far behind as not to be dangerous. See that shower of arrows. See the cusses fling their arms—no bridle nor bit to cumber them—he gains—the red fiend gains—if the head beast stumbles—if he—if he—"

The old scout's trained eye took in every detail

"The forward beast treads shorter—if he breaks his pace—if he baulks—if the hand tightens or slackens the rein just now. My soul!—there, he rocks agin—softly, beauty, keep your pace—that's it, up and down, up and down—strike out—don't knot a muscle. Oh, ten years of my life I'd swap for a horse—there, the wind has caught off his cap—*his*—perdition! 'tis a *woman*—a woman! die now, old Wertzal, if yer can't move a foot to the rescue. I can't, I *can't*."

He fell back upon his knees, and brought his rifle to his shoulder.

"Lord, I'm out—I aint within a score of gunshots—I can't git no nearer—I can't, I *can't*. See! she's headin' for that ravine—she don't know—it's wide—it's deep—and the further side, up an' down, hilly.

"What a woman! she don't look behind—she knows they're clus up—if a muscle jerks on them reins that 'ar beast ll go inside out—he won't bar nothin' more—nothin' at all—an' she so near in, too, only 'bout four mile from Burkton—it's cuccumun tough. Thar goes an arrer right through her long har—how the devil itches to get his greasy fingers among it. She's close up to the ravine—hear the cuss whoop—I she looks round she's lost—I wonder she don't scream—hear his 'yup! yup! yup!' That makes his beast ready to bust his overcoat. There, she takes the ravine clear, but the hilly bank on the other side—he'll spit her there—no, no; the horse squirms like an eel, and dashes forward, but the red devil will hev her yet—he's leaped the chasm, and is up the bank and over the hill in half the time that it took her to go. There, he swings up the bent ash again—hear the 'yap yap, yap,' of the hell-hound to his horse—oh, my—I can't bear to see—its—its—my dog!—my gun!"

Old Wertzal toppled from his position on his knees, fell upon his back, and rolled down the declivity.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ That was a good, though rather nervous pun which was made by a student in a theological seminary (and he was not one of the brightest of the class, either), when he asked: "Why is Paul ——— the great revivalist of the age?" and on all "giving it up," said: "Because at the close of every sermon there is a 'Great Awakening.'"

☞ A St. Louis parent, who happens to be blessed with a prodigal son, according to the Titusville Press, "rejoices more over one boy that runs away and stays, than the whole family who sponge their living off him at home."

JOHN PASSMORE'S PLOT;

OR,

HELD IN THE HIDDEN ROOM.

A STORY OF PHILADELPHIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY FRANK CARROLL.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE TRAP SET.

About eight o'clock in the evening of the succeeding day Joe Corbin was called down from his private office in the Rookery to meet a party of gentlemen who had just entered.

He inquired their object from the messenger.

"I believe they want to have a private game of poker."

"Tell them they can't play to-night. My room is engaged for a party to be here in half an hour. Do you know them?"

"One or two of them I have seen here before."

"Well, tell them I'm sorry, but they can't play."

The messenger went down, but returned almost instantly.

"They won't take no for an answer," he said. "They're in the card room, and have got their stamps out, and say they're bound to have a round or two anyhow."

"Did you tell them what I said?"

"Yes. It was no use, though. They're all a little the worse for whisky. They bought a bottle in the bar and took it in with them, and by the way they're laying out the stamps they must be flush."

"I don't care a red cent. They can't have the room. Tell them that. If that don't stir them, I'll come down myself."

The man again retired, and was gone rather longer than before. When he returned he was accompanied by one of the party in question. This individual was a bluff, dissipated-looking man, with heavy, uncombed whiskers, and dishevelled hair that came down over his forehead. He had the red nose and cheeks of an habitual drinker, while a great scar, extending nearly from his temple to his chin, helped to make him what would be considered a very rough specimen. He was dressed in a loud, flashy style, as significant of his social position as were his features.

"Look here, Cap," he said, in the thick tones of inebriation, "you ain't a going to interfere with a party of gentlemen that want a quiet game of bluff? Now, don't say you are."

"Sorry to interfere, my friend," said Corbin, decidedly. "But I can't spare the room just now. It's engaged by a party that's to be here at half-past eight, so you'll have to get."

"That's half an hour yet, Cap. I only want half an hour to take the conceit out of Jim Bludsoe. Don't say no. Here's the stamps to pay our way."

Corbin looked greedily at the money.

"You won't stay over the time?"

"Durn it all, no. We're men of our word, I reckon. Jim, you see, bets high he can hold a full twice to my once't, and that he'll straddle every blind I'll dare to go. Now you see I ain't to be bluffed by a durned old drover, and—"

"Oh, blow all that. Come to the pint."

"I'm going for him hot. And I'll go a V for half an hour's chance. Here's the dough. Say the word, Cap, and nail it down."

"You won't want to stay longer?"

"Don't I tell you we're gentlemen of our word. Lead the way down, Jack, or whatever the thunder they call you. I'm bound to take the conceit out of Jim Bludsoe. I'll show him what poker is." Thus grumbling to himself the man stumbled down-stairs, too intoxicated to make his way without help from his companion.

"The fellow's drunk as blazes," muttered Joe. "If they've got a bottle of whisky with them they'll all be boozy in half an hour. And if they're all as flush as this one looks to be, blest if I don't go through some of them. If they're shut up in that room down stairs, and drunk to boot, they can't hear nothing, 'cause I don't intend to make no noise."

He sat awhile in silent thought, a grim, serious look upon his face.

"Nobody knows about that man coming here," he muttered. "It's a dead show again as if he's let off safe. It's a risky business, but I think I can manage it. He hasn't given no information to-day, nor talked to no suspicious characters. Patsy's good for that. Everybody thinks he's dead now, and there's no risk in making it safe, if I can only cover my tracks. I never tried such a game in the Rookery."

He again subsided into vague thought, the minutes slipping slowly by.

"That bluff party down-stairs," he continued, "it's mebbe dangerous to let them stay. Nobody knows what may happen. They agreed to go in half an hour, and the time's about up now. It'll be two hours though if I don't give them their walking papers. I'll get Jack to look in on them."

Going to the head of the stairs, he called to his attendant. A muffled noise came from the closed card-room. The door was opened and a voice cried out:

"Here, blast your eyes, ain't you a coming? Fill up this bottle, again and durned quick too."

A chorus of shouts came from the others of the party.

The man obeyed with alacrity, and then answered Corbin, who again called him from the head of the stairs.

"How are they in there?"

"Got skins full, every one of them. One fellow is under the table, and another about gone."

"And the other two?"

"Are playing high, and drinking whisky as if it was water. This is the third bottle. If they stand that they've got cast-iron brains."

"And flush?"

"Yes. They're playing now ten dollars ante, and seeing each other as high as a hundred on a hand."

"Did you tell them time was up?"

"Yes. But it's no go. You couldn't get them out now without a fight."

"Let them be then, and give them all the whisky they'll take."

"All right," said the other, with a wink.

"If an old Jew asks for me, send him up here."

"Very well."

Corbin returned to his room muttering "It'll pay to go through them fellers. We can get a cab and put them where they're sure to get into the station, and they'll swear the police bled them."

Ere many more minutes had elapsed his attendant returned, ushering in Solomon Gantly.

"That'll do, Jack. I'm not at home to anybody else. This gentleman and I have a little private business on hand. You understand?"

"Yes. I'll lock the house up back."

"Glad to see you, Mr. Gantly. Take a chair."

"Thank you, thir, I gueth I will," replied the assumed Jew, warily glancing round the room as he did so.

The look was not lost on his shrewd companion.

"What's doubtful, my friend?" he asked, archly. "All's on the square here."

"If I didn't know that I wouldn't be here," replied the other. "I'm too cloth a hand to put my head in danger."

"I should think so," laughed Corbin. "Might as well try to catch a weasel asleep as to get the best of a confounded old plant like you."

Solomon echoed his laugh.

"I gueth that I'm about ath sharp ath they make them."

"Sharp! You're as sharp as a razor, and as quick as a steel-trap," replied Corbin, laughing still. "I've met your sort of coves before, Sol, my hearty; I know all your good points."

"I gueth we're both able to get along in buthineth," replied Solomon, as if highly pleased with the compliments of the other. "And talking about buthineth, thuppose we go into it, and get thith thing in shape."

"Time enough yet. Don't be in a hurry, my hearty. I'm waiting for John Passmore."

"Will he be here thoon?"

"In a few minutes. You ain't getting tired of my company already?"

"No. Only when it ith buthineth, I like it to be buthineth."

"Oh, bother that. You've got to help me in a bottle of port to our fun last night. If we'd only had better luck, I'd made it champagne."

"Port for me. I won't go back on a good glath."

"I can give you some ten years old, and pure as a baby. Hold steady here a minute—I'll go after it."

"Very well; I gueth we can get along better for a mouthful of good wine. It ith sometimeth a good help to buthineth."

Joe laughed as he left the room, shutting the door carefully after him.

"He bites easy," he said grimly to himself, as he descended the stairs. "The quiet way's the easiest I kalkerlate, as long as he takes. If he swallows one glass of my old port, it 'll be a case of sudden death by apoplexy, or some other plexy."

As he passed the door of the card-room he heard the party within, loudly shouting out the points of their game, well interlarding their talk with curses.

"I'll settle for you soon, my coves. When I've given Solomon a settler with my old port."

While these events were transpiring below, Alice Worthington sat in the secret room above, in a state of the utmost depression of mind.

The threat of Passmore had not been without its effect upon her. Fully satisfied of his unscrupulous character, and impressed with the cool, heartless manner of his last words, she felt sure he was fully equal to carrying out his base designs.

What he really intended she was not sure of, but his cool threat to force her into a marriage with or without her consent, filled her with alarm. She imagined that he must be confident of his power to do so, and in her defenceless state and ignorance of the laws, she feared that any effort of resistance on her part might prove utterly unavailing.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" she moaned. "I have no friend to aid me. I am utterly in this man's power. On whom shall I call?"

"On me," said a voice behind her.

She turned in surprise and alarm, and saw to her astonishment that the mirror was turned aside like a door, and in the dark aperture behind it stood an old, oddly dressed Jew.

CHAPTER XXVII.

UNCLE AND NIECE.

For a minute or two they stood thus gazing upon each other in utter silence. Alice, from consternation at this alarming intrusion, gradually verging to hope that it might prove a messenger of help to her.

But the rude dress and unpleasant aspect of her visitor produced upon her the usual effect of rudeness and ugliness, and she feared that such a figure must be in league with her enemies, her momentary impulse of hope dying out as quickly as it had arisen.

What was her surprise then to see her strange visitor, after stepping into the room and closing behind him the door by which he had entered, make a few rapid manipulations with his hands, and in an instant he stood divested of wig and beard, and she beheld the clear cut, slightly Jewish face, and short iron-gray hair of the merchant, Benjamin Willing.

Not that she recognized the face. It was strange to her. But the transformation had been so sudden and so complete that she could hardly believe that this was the person she had just been gazing upon.

There was a benignant look and a smile of assurance round the lips of her visitor that went far to strengthen the hopeful feeling which the sudden change had aroused in her mind, and she continued gazing upon him, too much surprised for speech, yet assured that such a face could not be that of an enemy to innocence and virtue.

After enjoying for a moment the varying expressions of her face, he spoke—

"Don't be alarmed," he said. "I mean you no harm, but am come rather to save you from your foes."

"Oh, thank you for that!" she fervently replied. "But your face is strange to me. Will you not tell me who you are?"

"Such is my purpose," he replied, advancing and seating himself near her. "You are aware that you have an uncle in this city?"

"Yes, though I have never seen him."

"I am your uncle Benjamin Willing."

She gazed with dilated eyes into his face as he spoke. Could this be true, or was it some new trick of the enemy, to gain her confidence and then use it to her injury.

A momentary scrutiny was enough. She felt irresistibly drawn to believe in her visitor, and her heart throbbed with joy to feel that she had gained a near relative and a strong protector in this unknown intruder.

She rose and placed her hands in his, in token of confidence.

"I believe you," she simply said. "Your face is strange to me, and your mode of appearance alarming. But I cannot doubt that you are indeed my uncle."

"Thanks for your confidence, dear niece," he replied, pressing her hands warmly, while a bright smile flushed his countenance. "You may safely confide in me. I am fully aware of the toils with which your enemies have encircled you, and am here for the purpose of defeating them. Do not be surprised at my garb," he continued, as he noticed her look of wonder at his strange dress. "I have been forced to assume a part in order to deceive these astute plotters. But I have them all in my power now, and before an hour more will spring upon them the trap which I have been long setting for them."

"You do not know what I have suffered, dear uncle," she replied. "But your presence gives me hope again. I no longer fear my base persecutors."

"You need not. They are unscrupulous, it is true, but I am prepared for them. I have been long arranging a plan to defeat their base purposes, and they have at length placed themselves within the reach of the law."

"But do you run no risk? Are you safe in such a house as this?"

"Fear not for my safety, Alice. They have the will, but lack the power to harm me. I must ask you a question or two. Was it not John Passmore that brought you here?"

"It was."

"Under what plea?"

"That of protection against my enemies. He made me believe that my liberty was endangered unless I was securely hidden."

"And how do you view his part in the affair now?"

"I have discovered him to be the instigator of the whole business."

"Has he revealed his object?"

"Yes. He wishes me to consent to marriage with him."

"To which you object?"

"The least thought of which I abhor from the depths of my soul."

"Good, my dear niece! Have you told him this?"

"Yes. And he threatens to force me into a marriage."

"The villain? But when?"

"This very evening. He left this afternoon with most bitter threats that I should be his wife whether I would or not."

"This evening? My coming is indeed opportune. I think, my dear Mr. Passmore, there will be a slight hitch in your proceedings. But why is it that he is so anxious for this marriage? The man is incapable of any love but self-love. What interested motives has he?"

"Dear uncle," said Alice, in some confusion, "we have talked enough about this painful matter. I would prefer to hear more about yourself."

"I have an object in these questions, Alice. I know not what he may have represented to you, but I know that he has given out the idea that I have wronged you out of your inheritance. I doubt not that he believes it himself, and hopes by a marriage with you to give himself a claim upon my property."

"I do not believe any such improbable story. I will not deny that he has thrown out hints to that effect; but I paid no attention to them."

"And never [illegible]," her uncle, earnestly. "Heed not his threats. I am here to protect you. As for the inheritance, you are orphaned. I am childless. I intend that you shall be a daughter to me, and finally inherit the property which my sharp clerk, Passmore, is so anxious to lay his hands on."

"Oh, my dear uncle, your kindness is—"

"Say no more, Alice. Who, rather than you, should be my heir?"

"It is not your money. It is your kindness, your love which I appreciate," she fervently replied, throwing off the slight distrust she had all along felt of his bizarre dress, and embracing him with the unreserved affection of a true Green Mountain girl. "In my long days of imprisonment I have learned the value of affection, and the blessing of a happy home, and am only too glad to have the privilege of loving you as fully as I feel like doing."

"That is my warm-hearted niece! Love me to your heart's content. I, too, am lonely and crave affection," he replied, tenderly kissing her cheeks.

At this instant, with a slight click, the door flew open, and the slight form of Patsy was revealed, gazing with open-eyed astonishment at the tableau.

"Hallo! If here ain't a go, buy me for a monkey!" he exclaimed. "This is a bit of fun that wasn't down in the programme; flung in, free gratis for nothing."

Ere they could speak the boy had sharply closed the door and disappeared.

"The climax approaches, Alice," said her uncle. "If I should have to conceal myself for a few moments, do not fear. They shall not harm you."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CORBIN MISSES SOLOMON.

Joe Corbin was occupied down-stairs longer than he had intended. Certain preparations were necessary to the proper carrying out of his project. When at length he started to ascend the stairs with a small waiter, containing a bottle of wine and two violet-colored glasses, no one would have suspected that one of these glasses contained a few drops of a liquid, invisible from being of the same color with itself, yet a sure messenger of death to any one whose lips it should pass.

As he went past the door of the card-room the party within had become more noisy than ever.

One was singing a wild song, of which whisky was the burden, and to which whisky seemed the key. The others kept time by loudly beating the table, and joining noisily in the chorus.

"That's not bad," said Corbin, grimly smiling. "Nobody could hear thunder upstairs with that noise down here. I'll attend to you yet, my hearties, after I've given that chap above there his dose of apoplexy."

The cool villain went up the stairs on his deadly errand without a single qualm of conscience, and approached the room with as calm a pulse as if only a quiet conversation was in his mind's eye.

"Now, old Abraham," he cried cheerily, as he flung open the door, "we'll have a sip of as good old wine as ever—Why, where in the thunder and lightning is the feller gone?" he concluded, setting down his waiter with a vim that made its glasses ring again.

He looked round the room with a keen, searching glance, as if imagining that his first hasty view had overlooked his visitor.

The Jew was undoubtedly gone. There was no spot in the room in which he could be concealed, and only the one door of entrance, that in which he stood.

He turned on his heel and looked back, expecting that his visitor had left the door but for a moment. Not seeing him he went back, examining the other rooms on that floor. In vain, they were entirely empty.

The master of the Rookery began to grow alarmed. Where could the Jew have gone? With hasty steps he ascended the next flight of stairs, and searched with as little result the rooms on the third floor.

He passed by the door of the secret chamber, without a thought that his enemy could have discovered that secure retreat. It was purposely so built that no sound of voices could penetrate to the outer room, or he might have heard Willing's voice in conversation with his niece.

Corbin trod heavily down-stairs, loading the air with curses both loud and deep as he went. He searched again the second floor, as futilely as before; then, with still more bitter curses, descended the next flight.

"See here, Jack," he cried, plentifully interlarding his words with oaths. "This thing's about played. What made you let that infernal Jew out without giving me a hint?"

"The Jew?" asked the other, in surprised tone.

"The Jew? Yes, the Jew," mimicked Corbin, angrily.

"But I haven't seen the Jew, since he first came in," expostulated the other. "There hasn't as much as a mouse left th

house this way, much less a fellow of his size."

"Sure of that?"

"Why of course I am. The door has been locked ever since he went up-stairs, and I have the key here."

"Try the lock."

"It is sound," said the other, trying the door. "If he got out, it must have been through the bar-room."

"Not a bit of it; I was there myself most of the time. I will go and see."

But the bartender had no more seen Solomon, than had the keeper of the back-door.

Joe Corbin was thoroughly nonplussed.

"Well, of all the durned queer things I ever seen," he grumbled, "this beats. Why if the feller could make himself the size of a mosquiter, and go through a keyhole, he couldn't beat this. He couldn't jump out of the front winders, without breaking his neck—and I wish he had. The only place I haven't noticed yet, is that card-room," he continued, suddenly starting, as the thought occurred.

On opening the door he saw an interesting tableau.

Two of the party were stretched at full length on the floor, under the table, their faces hidden from their position. A third was leaning forward on the table, his face buried in his folded arms. The fourth, the same individual that Corbin had before seen, sat with his chair tipped back and both heels on the table, grasping the half-emptied bottle in one hand, the glass in the other. He was evidently much the worse for liquor, and had made all his companions dead drunk.

"Hallo, Cap!" he cried, flourishing the bottle, and nearly overturning his chair in doing so. "You're the boy for my money: I can out-drink you, out-smoke you, out-bluff you, and lick my weight in wild-cats. I can, by blazes! Hip! hip! hurra!"

"Did you see a Jew enter here?" asked Corbin, sternly, hoping in the possibility of a straight answer from the drunken gambler.

"A Jew! A Jew! Like to see a Jew come where— Say, Cap, you've got to drink with me; by blazes you have."

With a deeply uttered and expressive oath, in which disgust and anger were equally mingled, Corbin turned on his heel, leaving the door of the room wide open.

The drunken man seemed instantly to forget his presence, breaking into a low mandlin song, as he continued to flourish his bottle, and to maintain his position by that miracle of balancing that only a man stupidly drunk can attain.

The keeper of the Rookery went back toward his bar-room lost in a deep quandary.

"I have it," he suddenly cried. "The man couldn't make himself into a puff-ball and blow himself away. There's only one spot left in the house—the secret room. I don't see how he can know anything about that; but he's somewhere, that's a sure pop; and I'll not be satisfied till every key-hole's looked into. Hey there, Patsy!"

"Hallo!" cried the boy, emerging from a remote corner of the bar-room. "What's to pay, Uncle Joe?"

In a few words Joe gave him his instructions, and despatched him up-stairs, with orders simply to open the door and see if all was right in the room.

In much less than five minutes Patsy had returned with a face alive with the news of his discovery.

"What now, Patsy? Something up, hey?"

"How in the thunder he's gone and done it, gets me," cried Patsy, "but he's there. See here, Uncle Joe, you've blowed on yourself. He couldn't find it without."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that the Jew, or a feller in the Jew's clothes, though he ain't got the Jew's head, has got inside that room. Don't ask me how he's gone and done it, for I swow, it gets my time, but if he aint there, then I don't know B from a cow's shin."

"Hold your prate, you young hound," cried Joe, in fury. "It's your doings, blast you. If any harm comes of it, durn me if—"

"It's a blasted yarn," yelled the boy, in equal anger. "You've done it yourself and want to put it on me. There he is anyhow, and what's wuss, if Miss Alice aint hugging him like I'd hug a watermelon, then I'm a nigger."

"What is all this!" called out a new voice, just as Corbin was about giving some furious reply.

John Passmore stepped forward, diverting the rage of the man from the boy, who stood undauntedly before him.

"It's something there's no joke in," replied Corbin, surlily; "That Jew has give me the slip about as neat as I ever seen the thing done, and what's worse, he's got into the secret room, through the stupid bungling of this boy, I'll bet my head."

"I'll bet a cow agin your head that I aint set eyes on the Jew these three days," replied Patsy, defiantly.

"That's a small matter," said Passmore. "There is no danger of his going against us. Have you made the arrangements I spoke to you about?"

"Yes," Corbin shortly answered.

"It is all right then?"

"He kicked a bit agin the job, but I brung him over pretty easy. He's to be here at half-past nine, all primed for work. He'll do it spruce, I've seen him tried more than once before."

"He won't fail to come then?"

"Not he."

"Then I will go up-stairs and prepare the girl. I expect she will make a hard fight."

"Oh, that be blowed. We'll soon settle that. But the Jew's got to be fixed first."

"And why the Jew? What harm is he likely to do?"

"Hang it all, man, haven't you guessed yet what's up? I haven't got time to talk now. Foller me and you'll soon know more than you bargain for." Without a word more Corbin dashed up-stairs, followed by the others.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ "Are you going to make a flower bed here, Judkins?" asked a young lady of the gardener. "Yes, mum, them's the hordars," answered the gardener. "Why, it'll quite spoil our croquet ground. "Can't help it, mum; them's your pa's horders; he says as 'ow to hev it laid out for 'orticultur, not for 'usbandry."

☞ Keep sober and then you can talk straight. One of our druggists was quite surprised the other day to hear a fellow inquire if he had any of "Mrs. Soothlow's Winsling Slyr'p."

☞ A CANDID DIAGNOSIS.—"Don't you discover a determination of blood to the head?" inquired a hard drinking man of a doctor he was consulting. "No," said the doctor, "but I think I can discover a determination to get drunk."

☞ Nineteen buckwheat cakes barely sufficed to fill the aching void in a young dry goods clerk's bosom, this morning, at one of our hotels. The landlord says three more such boarders would cause him to shut down the griddle for thirty days.—*Titusville Press.*

☞ A physician on presenting his bill to the executor of the estate of a deceased patient asked, "Do you wish to have my bill sworn to?" "No," replied the executor: "the death of the decedent is sufficient evidence that you attended him professionally."

☞ The epizootic has brought mince pies down within the reach of the poor in Rochester.

☞ When are skipping lambs like literary volumes? When they are bounding sheep.

THE GREEN GOGGLES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CLIO STANLEY.

"Jean! Jean! Where are you hiding? Here is Edgar North coming to call, and there is absolutely nobody to entertain him."

"Why don't your offer to take the burden on your own shoulders, instead of trying to roll it off on mine? *You* are the eldest daughter of the house," cried Jean from the top of the stair.

"As if I could! My hands are in the dough—or were, a minute ago."

"Then let Lucy go. I am sure *I* could never sit opposite those green goggles for half an hour and keep a straight face."

"Well, I suppose Lucy must go, then; but oh," with a funny look of dismay, "I *hope* mamma won't come home while he is here!"

Jean laughed merrily.

"Poor Anne! I promise then to take all the blame. But, indeed, I do not see why there should be any fuss made about it. I am sure we are quite old enough to choose our own company."

"You know Mr. Derwent said we were to be particularly polite to him. But hush! that is the bell, and I must run and tell Lucy to go into the parlor."

Lucy came at her sister's call. She was a sweet, dear little maiden, with none of Anne's dignity or Jean's beauty; but though no one of her acquaintances ever thought of calling Lucy Derwent beautiful, there was a loveliness about her that was very pleasant to see.

She had auburn hair, but there was a natural *crinkle* in it which neither of her sisters could ever hope to attain, a large mouth, but a charming smile, and eyes of a liquid, golden brown, exactly suited to her face. Altogether it was a face you would never tire of looking at, because the grace of a gentle character shone through it.

She had been in the parlor twice when Edgar North had called, and felt a strong sympathy for him in his misfortune. Had Jean guessed that sympathy might, in her sister's case, lead to *love*, she would have laughed more merrily still.

Jean and Anne Lloyd were Mrs. Derwent's daughters by a former marriage, while Lucy was the only child of Mr. Derwent by his first wife. No children had blessed this second marriage, and these three loved one another *almost* like own sisters.

Edgar North was the son of an old college friend of Mr. Derwent, and had come to Milford for a long vacation, made necessary by his failing eyesight. Slow progress had been made, however, in their restoration, and he had been obliged, ever since his first introduction to the young ladies, to wear those horrid green goggles which had caused Jean's merriment.

He had already made a name for himself among the stars in the literary world, and was, aside from such recommendation, possessed of many noble and manly qualities.

Mr. Derwent, if Lucy had been his only child, would have desired for her no brighter lot than to be Edgar North's wife; but his wife's daughters, who were older than Lucy, were very dear to him, and he desired to give them the opportunity which he considered such a happy one.

Anne, however, was often busy with household cares when he called, and Jean could see no beauty in a face darkened by odious glasses, and would not look at their father's friend with any partiality.

She was a passionate admirer of beauty in any form, and Mr. Derwent, who knew how brilliant the face was when he had seen it without those hindrances to good looks—green goggles—was convinced that Jean would love and marry the hero he had chosen for her.

Just before Mrs. Derwent came home, Lucy ran up-stairs with crimson cheeks, and threw herself into a chair in Jean's little sitting room.

"Tell-tales!" said Jean, laying her fingers lightly on the warm, blushing face. "What *could* you find to blush about, Lu?"

"I'm not blushing!" said Lucy, feeling just ready to cry; "But Mr. North was reading to me a poem of his own, which he is just going to send to press, and I was so interested."

"What subject did he choose, Lu?" asked Jean, demurely, trying vainly to thread her needle.

"Friendship," Lucy replied, the color deepening in her cheeks; "and oh, Jean, dear, you cannot imagine how sweetly he sings the praises of loyal women. I wish you could have heard him!"

"If I might listen with my eyes shut, I have no doubt I should admire his poem, for you are a true poet yourself, pet, and therefore a good judge of the article. But, oh, Lu!" And Jean broke forth again in merry laughter.

Lucy looked surprised and hurt.

"Don't you see, child, what I am laughing at? Through those ominous glasses, how *can* Edgar North see anything *couleur de rose?* His fair women must be shaded with green, and his fairest fancies I can't help but imagining must be tinged with the same color. Only think how distressing it must be!"

"Jean, you are really *too* absurd," said Anne, looking up from her book. "You are rushing to an extreme in your dislike of Mr. North, and I shouldn't be surprised some day to see your extravagant merriment dissolve in tears."

"Oh, well," said Jean, lifting her white hands imploringly, "if you are *both* against me, I shall find refuge in flight. I heard mamma come in a moment ago, and I am going down to hear the news."

And with a mockery of farewell, she ran down the stairs just in time to hear Mr. Derwent say to his wife:

"Yes. At last, there is really some hope. His physician has been down to see him twice this week, and he says if he will promise not to look at a book or write a line for a month yet, he may then take off those glasses, which really do mar the beauty of his face."

That month went by on swift wings. Edward North was looking out into a new world; seeing the grace of a tender, womanly character develop day by day; seeing a pair of brown eyes grow brighter with their first love-dream; seeing red lips tremble into blissful smiles at his approach! And looking out at this new miracle of loveliness he felt that he had been studying a new lesson also, and that his light fancy for sweet Lucy Derwent had become something warmer and dearer.

And Lucy? She did not try to analyze her own feelings. She only knew that she had never met a man who seemed to her just what Edgar North was; that she had never in all her young life been as happy as in his presence; never in all her life so lonely as in his absence: but as yet she had given no name to these new, strange feelings crowding to her heart.

It was one evening when both of her sisters were absent at a party, and Mrs. Derwent busy with household accounts, that Lucy came down to meet her lover.

It was dark in the parlor—only the sweet May moon shone in through the open window—and Lucy, with a faint apology, put out her hand to ring for a light.

But the little hand was taken in a warm clasp, she found herself drawn softly on to the window where the light shone full on her fair face; an old story is told over again, fond lips meet her own in one long, lingering kiss. Lucy has met her lover!

By and by she finds voice for a sweet confession—one that her lover is longing to hear; and he holds her close as he begs her to say over again each sweet word.

Then Lucy blushed red as a rose.

"I am so young," she said, half under her breath, "and Jean—"

"What of Jean?" he asked, keeping her hand in his.

"Papa thought, I am sure, that you would fall in love with Anne or Jean. Anne is so sensible and good—such a wonderful housekeeper, and Jean—but you *know* how beautiful she is."

"Not so fair as my own little lady," he said, smiling fondly. "And you do not stop to think that neither of your sisters are at all likely to follow your example," he added, laughing.

"What example?"

"The falling in love with a half-blind lover! But seriously, darling, I am no longer going about under a cloud. The doctor says these may come off to-morrow."

As he spoke he slipped them off, and held them in his hand.

"Do you know me so?" he asked.

But the love that beamed on her from those bright eyes was like the sun in its brilliancy. She could only hide her face on her lover's shoulder, and whisper the answer that was not meant for you or for me.

The next day he appeared without the green glasses, and took dinner with them; but Lucy guarded her secret well, and no one suspected the turn affairs had taken.

Jean was astonished. To think that the man she had so constantly condemned as odious in appearance should prove to be the very hero she had dreamed of! Such eyes—she felt as if she could never tire of meeting them! Such smiles—she felt persuaded that the sunshine was not brighter!

And so Jean lost her heart, and never knew when or how it went—until one day at the table Mr. Derwent informed his wife that Edgar North had asked him for Lucy.

"*For Lucy!*" exclaimed Anne and her mother in a breath. But Jean said never a word. Only her breath came a little slower than usual, and an unwonted pallor crept to her cheek, which lingered there week after week while the busy preparations were made for Lucy's wedding-day.

There were clouds of white lace and tulle to be transformed into airy dresses for the bride; there were shining lengths of silk to be fashioned into dresses and mantles; there was an array of daintier garments of linen and lace, marvels of frosty beauty, in which was to nestle a rosebud of delight.

For Mr. Derwent thought nothing too good for his little daughter, and Lucy thought it no vanity to make herself beautiful in the eyes of the man she loved.

So the days passed away; and the last garment was finished, the bits of color and brightness swept up for Anne's scrap-bag, and Lucy in her soft gray dress stood on the steps bidding them all good-bye.

"You must bring her to see us as soon as you get home," Mrs. Derwent said. "And oh, Edgar, you will have written another poem on Woman's Friendship by that time. You must bring it here and read it to us all when you come back."

"Don't break the green goggles," said Papa Derwent. "You may want them again when you grow old and the rose-colors have faded out of your sky."

And Lucy laughed at the queer conceit, and kissed her hand to them all as the carriage was whirled away; but Jean, who had laughed her share of laughter, crept away to the sad silence of her own room and wept.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BELLE BREMER.

"Did I ever tell you, Haines, about that scrape I got into with the Hibernian population of this place when I first came here?—no?" And the doctor, after assuming the American position of absolute rest, feet elevated a few degrees above his head, and giving a few preliminary puffs at his pipe, continued:

"I was somewhat younger than I am now, and not so pious;—what, you didn't know I was pious? Why, man, just see"—exhibiting his bald head—"there is scarcely a hair between me and Heaven. Now none of your irreverent remarks. Well, anyway, I was but a sprig of a doctor when I came here, armed with authority from a neighboring college to practice the 'healing art.' I hung out my shingle, announcing that 'C. S. Raymond, M. D., Physician and Surgeon,' was ready to wait upon the people, from the issuing of quinine and Dover's powder to the amputation of legs, and from that down to pulling teeth. I then sat down and waited for business. It did not come very readily; occasionally an old fellow would come in and regale me with a long story of his 'rheumatiz,' and generally succeed in boring me till I gave him a prescription free to get rid of him. Now and then some one would come in to have a tooth extracted—there was no dentist here then. That was about the extent of my practice. The people were not going to have young 'sawbones' trying experiments on them. Dr. Jones was here, and Dr. Jones was good enough for them.

"In consequence of all this, time began to hang heavily on my hands; but fortunately, just as patience was about to leave her monument, a bright idea struck me. I would procure a subject, and brighten up my anatomy. Happy thought! and I immediately proceeded to act upon it. I dropped a line to Ainsley, who was just across the river from me, engaged in the same laudable business as myself. Ainsley and I had been chums and 'unco thick thegither' in our college days, so I invited him to come over and take a part in the 'first resurrection.' That was on Monday, and on Tuesday night he came. An Irishman, of doubtful reputation in the neighborhood, had died a day or two before, and we decided that, inasmuch as said Irishman had been of no benefit to mankind living, he should now contribute something to the cause of science. Well, suffice to say, that about the witching hour of night, we 'raised' that Irishman, (of course we had a trusty friend to assist us), conveyed him to my office, put him on a dissecting-table improvised out of a large box, and were soon deep in the investigation of human anatomy. So far all had gone swimmingly, but a few days afterward it entered into the heads of Patrick's friends to raise a tombstone to his memory. Very well, thought I, raise a stone to the place where he recently was, my brave sons of Erin, but *he's* not there now, *he's* risen.

"However, it was not so funny when, on the evening of the same day that the tombstone was to have been put up, the friend who had assisted us came in and informed me that the Irish were rising, and that a guard had been placed around my office to prevent my leaving or conveying away the body. It seems that a few splinters of walnut had been found near the grave; this causing suspicion, they had dug down and found the body gone, and forthwith charged me with the crime. Things looked pretty bilious, for an infuriated mob is not pleasant to contend with, I can tell you. I had seen them before my friend left, he not being able to render me any assistance, and I sat down to consider what to do. Clearly I must dispose of the body in some way, and that quickly; but how? I could not take it away, for they were watching, and there was no place in the office to conceal it. At last, after racking my brain in vain for a long time, away, and the only way, suggested itself. The thought was repugnant, but my liberty, if not my life, was at stake, and who will hesitate at such a time. My friend had told me that the rabble did not intend attacking the office until daylight, in order, I suppose, to make sure that I did not escape. So I had time to carry out my resolve. Splitting up my impromptu dissecting-table, I soon had a blazing fire in the stove, which fortunately for me was a large one, and then—I made a sacrifice of poor Patrick. I sat grimly by that fire till the gray dawn streaked the East, and just as the last vestige of anything that could criminate me disappeared, there was a loud knocking at the front door. Getting up, and opening it, there before me I saw the Irish in full force. Assuming a look of astonishment I demanded the reason of their early visit, and why they came in such numbers.

"'By the blissid Saint Patrick we'll show you,' said an ugly, red-mouthed son of the Emerald Isle; 'we've come to search your office for the remains of the gentleman as ye took from the graveyard the other night, and we'll do it, too, won't we, boys?' A howl of assent was given. Pretending to get angry, I ordered them to leave, every one them, before I had them all arrested for molesting a peaceful, law-abiding citizen; and ended by telling them that they could not search my office with my permission. 'Then we'll search it without your permission, and may the divil fly away with you, you murtherin' villain. It's not Tim O'Bralligan as'll be after lavin', ye blasted blackguard, till ye trot out Pat Murphy's corpse. Come boys,' with that they poured into the room, brandishing their 'shillalahs,' and searched every nook and corner, but of course they found nothing.

"'By the howly Moses, the doctor has told the truth,' said the red-mouthed leader of the mob, looking somewhat chagrined. 'The corpse of the gintleman as we seek is not here, and I, for one, ax the doctor's pardon, and now, boys we'd better be after lavin'.' 'Yes,' said I, 'and the sooner the better, before I have you all arrested for forcibly entering my office.' And they went, standing not on the order of their going.

"After my adventure, my star seemed in the ascendant. Practice began to come in, and since that, I have had plenty to do, and have had no desire to leave. What became of Ainsley? Ah, yes, poor fellow, he went to 'see about it' years ago. Better fellow never breathed than Ainsley; a man among men—would have made his mark in the world. He was ahead of us all morally, socially and intellectually, and called away in the vigor of his manhood and in the midst of his usefulness." And the doctor, gazing abstractedly at the wall, went off in a fit of musing on the mysterious ways of Providence.

From an English Magazine.

Domestic Life In France.

The national customs of France, as well as the sentiments of the people, are such as to favor in every way the practice of economy and the acquisition of wealth. In the first place, there is no recognized standard of public opinion. Nothing in the least resembling "Mrs. Grundy" could ever gain admittance or be tolerated there for a single day. Whatever mistakes they may make, whatever follies they may commit, they are themselves individually responsible; for it is essentially true in France, that every man "does what is right in his own eyes." This, it will not be denied, has its bad as well as its good side; no one would dream, for instance, of going to church because some one else did, nor of becoming a Republican because some one else happened to be one. In France no one ever finds himself doing what is personally unpleasant because it will look well, or be thought well, or because other people do it. Any Frenchman, no matter of what rank, would ridicule the idea of his social position or gentility being supposed to depend in the slightest degree on such accidents as whether his door-bell were answered by the maid or a man servant, or whether said man appeared in a coat or without one. The reason for this indifference lies in the extraordinary absence of what can strictly be termed snobbishness in the French character.

Of late we have heard much of the defects of these near neighbors, and the Franco-German war certainly brought into full view the least admirable parts of their character. It is, therefore, only right to render full justice to their many fine qualities, and of these an absence of "snobbishness" is certainly one. Nowhere does personal rank carry so little weight as in France; nowhere is the figure of a man's income a matter of such complete unconcern even to his neighbors. Not a shade more attention is paid to the possessor of a large rent-roll than the holder of a small one. Almost every one is comfortable, and has money enough to buy all he cares to have, so that little room is left for envy—a trait, by the way, which scarcely exists at all in the French character. What may be called the trappings of wealth are positively of no account with them, and their commonsense shows to a great advantage in estimating, as they do, accidents of birth, and circumstances of prosperity, if the expression is allowable, at their actual and not their conventional value. Socially, family wealth carries with it no precedence whatever, official position being alone responsible as entitling its possessor to any such consideration; and in virtue of this, the most anciently descended Duchess would give place to the wife of the Mayor of the town.

It is generally believed that the French character is frivolous, setting much value on appearances; what lends some truth to the charge of frivolity is the natural light-heartedness of the people, which, even in adversity, allows them still to be gay and cheerful, while as a matter of fact they care little or nothing for show. Powder and plush would never add to their happiness; they would attach much more importance to convenience than to elegance, and are at a loss to imagine why we English care so much more for these accessories than they do themselves. For example, a rich tradesman, or an individual higher still in the social scale, would just as soon be conveyed to a wedding, or any other festive gathering, in an omnibus, as in any other kind of conveyance. Whether brougham or cab, to him it would be only *une voiture*, out of which he would get with all the self-possession belonging to the consciousness of having arrived in quite as suitable an equipage as anybody else. It is, indeed, this invaluable self-possession which makes both French men and women of all ages and all classes so thoroughly well-bred; and it is their ease of manner, which springs from independence of action, which contrasts so very advantageously with the constrained manner and stereotyped customs which obtain in England, where, with so much political liberty, and such unbounded license of printed and spoken opinions, there is perhaps less social freedom than in any other country in Europe. It is a sad fact, but no less true than sad, that in England it is well-nigh impossible for a person whose income, either from losses or other circumstances, has become wholly insufficient for his requirements, to maintain his position as a gentleman at all; and after fruitless efforts and painful struggles the position has to be abandoned as untenable. But all this could never happen in France. However small or reduced the income of a family might become, they could always retain their places as gentry in the circles of friends and acquaintances in which they had previously moved. It would never occur to them that on this account they must sink into an inferior position.

☞ An inquirer is informed that we know of no female dates, although mandates are plenty.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

[Any of the following works—or any other book—will be forwarded by mail by the proprietors of THE POST on receipt of the regular retail price. *Address E. Peterson & Co., 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.*

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ELSIE'S GIRLHOOD.—By MARTHA FARQUHARSON. Published by Dodd & Mead, New York; and also for sale by Smith, English & Co., No. 710 Arch street, Philadelphia.

BARRIERS BURNED AWAY.—By the REV. EDWARD ROE. Published by Dodd & Mead, New York; and also for sale by Smith, English & Co., Philada.

THE MIRACLES OF FAITH.—A sketch of the life of Bosio Paulus. By MARY WEITBRECHT. With an introduction by REV. CHARLES S. ROBINSON, D. D. Published by Dodd & Mead, New York; and also for sale by Smith, English & Co., Philada.

OLD AND NEW for December. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW for October. American edition. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York; and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philada.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE for November. American edition. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York, and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philada.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The fashionable poodle now wears his mistress's monogram.

☞ Mr. Stanley returns to New York with a bronzed countenance. So he is all ready to be set up in Central Park as soon as the temporary pedestal can be nailed together.

☞ "Meet me at the gate, love," has been changed to "Meet me at the grate, love." The cool weather necessitated the change.

☞ One day when Mrs. Partington heard the minister say there would be a nave in the new church, she observed that "she knew well who the party was."

☞ Children "play horse" with great attention to details. One very young woman up town cut up her mother's toilet cushion, ruined a carpet, and nearly scalded a confiding younger brother to death, treating him with a bran mash for a "play epizooty."

☞ Why is a henpecked husband like an opera hat?—Because he's very big when he's out, but immediately shuts up when he gets home.

☞ The following announcement appeared recently in an English paper: "St. James' Church—On Sunday next the afternoon service will commence at half-past three, and continue until further notice." Long service, that.

☞ A man in Pittsburgh, Pa., who committed suicide, is advertised for identification as follows: "Deceased has a mustache five feet seven inches long."

☞ An enthusiastic dramatic critic says of a popular actress that "when she ran out to meet her lover, she carried the whole of the audience with her." Quite an arm full.

☞ Boy presents a dollar bill in a Hartford bakeshop. Little girl, who is acting chief clerk: "My father is very perpendicular about taking torn bills."

☞ Miss Amy R——, of Iowa, weighs 352 pounds. No man will marry her for fear of big Amy.

☞ A young man who ran away from a pleasant home in Danbury, five years ago, was heard of in New York, Thursday. The next day his father went there to bring him back, but the youth would not return. He had been elected a common councilman, and seemed to glory in his shame.—*Danbury Evening News.*

☞ Since the epizootic season began, Western papers begin to tell of "ox-thieves," as well as "horse thieves."

☞ As a last resort, the Iowa City Republican duns delinquent subscribers in "poetry." If this is continued, it will result in one of two things: the delinquents will pay up or refuse to take their paper out of the post-office.

☞ A young man who went West from Danbury a few months ago, has sent only one letter home. It came on Friday. It said:—"Send me a wig." And his fond parents don't know whether he is scalped or married.

☞ A down East editor, who has been keeping a record of big beets, announces at last that "the beet that beat the beet that beat the other beet, is now beaten by a beet that beats all the beets."

☞ A Buffalo paper announces that by the recent burning of an ice-house there, twenty thousand tons of ice were "reduced to ashes."

☞ Mrs. Partington has been reading the Health Officer's weekly reports, and thinks "total" must be an awful malignant disease, since as many die of it as of all the rest put together.

☞ The Chicago Times thus indignantly squelches a Cincinnati journal for daring to insinuate that Boston has gone ahead of Chicago in the matter of a conflagration:—"There is something inconceivably childish in the idea of the Cincinnati person chuckling over the thought that some other city has had a bigger fire than Chicago. The petty jealousy and malignant but impotent hate that are condensed in the above article become all the more ridiculous when it is considered that the Boston conflagration was not one-half so great an affair, measured in any way, as the Chicago conflagration. The latter must still be the standard of comparison for calamities of this character, just as the energy of the city in recovering from the disaster must remain beyond all comparison."

☞ A South street inebriate whipped his wife Saturday morning, and came home drunk Saturday night. His wife, having no coals of fire to heap upon his head, poured his ear full of pepper-sauce. He appeared to be just as well satisfied.

☞ A lady asked a gentleman how it was most medical men dressed in black; he replied, "The meaning is very obvious, as they are chiefly occupied in preparing grave subjects."

☞ When the fire was sweeping through Pearl street, in Boston, one of the large shoe dealers, seeing that his stock could not be saved, invited the bystanders to help themselves. A policeman, who appeared on the spot, not advised of the invitation, indignantly observed an individual pulling boots, pair after pair, from an open case before him. "Villain!" he thundered, "what are you about?" "Trying to find a pair of eights," was the mild response.

How Unnecessary the Anguish many persons undergo from rheumatism, gout, neuralgia, toothache, and earache. We say unnecessary because the application of MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT to the affected part, or a few drops of it in the ears or tooth affords instantaneous, and what is better, permanent relief. For cuts, wounds, bruises, swellings, and all injuries or diseases which require treatment externally, this Liniment is everywhere regarded as the most potent and reliable healing agent in existence. For all external injuries or ailments of horses and cattle, it is infallible.

☞ A TEXAS paper says: "We intended to publish the dispatches regarding the fire in Boston, and laid aside the paper containing them, for the purpose of clipping them out; but before we had time to do so, Col. Coffee borrowed it, and failed to return it."

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have frequent headache, mouth tastes badly, poor appetite and tongue coated, you are suffering from Torpid Liver or "Biliousness," and nothing will cure you so speedily and permanently as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. 600

DR. RADWAY'S

Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL

CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS,

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS,

KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER

COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA,

AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT;

PURIFIES THE BLOOD,

RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR;

CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

SECURED TO ALL.

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PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS,

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren St., New York.

nov2-tf

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, *free of charge*. This noble remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City. oct12-ly

PROSPECTUS FOR 1873.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

BEAUTIFUL NEW PREMIUM CHROMO.

The proprietors of this "Queen of the Monthlies" call the attention of the ladies to their Magazine, as being just what a Lady's Magazine should be. Edited by a Lady, nothing but what is of the most refined and elevating character ever is admitted to its pages. Its Engravings, its Fashions, its Stories all bear evidence of the same refined and cultivated taste, which has endeared it to thousands of readers.

It will continue to publish Serials, Short Stories, Poetry, &c., from its old list of talented contributors. Among the Serials we may announce:—

THE MASTER OF GREYLANDS.
By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Lady Andinnian's Trial," etc.

UNA AND HER PRINCE.
By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "Una and Her Lions," etc.

A GIRL'S ROMANCE.
By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Queen Coquetta," etc.

A NOVELET.
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "An Everyday Heroine," etc.

A NOVELET.
By Miss FANNIE HODGSON, author of "Kathleen's Love Story," "Raeburn," etc. [Miss Hodgson's Novelet will run through the whole year.]

FASHIONS, FANCY WORK, ETC.

Fine Engravings of the Fashions will represent the latest styles in Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Hats, Headdresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.

The Engravings of THE LADY'S FRIEND are of a very superior character, embracing pictures of subjects which touch the sentiments and affections. These choice and elegant Engravings are a special feature of this Magazine, and should entitle it to the preference over all others.

MUSIC.

A piece of the latest and most popular Music accompanies every number. The Music is of itself worth double the price of the Magazine.

SPLENDID PREMIUMS

Sewing Machines, Plated Ware, Gold Chains, &c.

Those desiring to get up Lists of subscribers to the Lady's Friend, will be well compensated. The list of Premiums is the same as for the Post.

"LITTLE SAMUEL."

A beautiful Scriptural Chromo of the Child-Prophet Samuel, starting up from his sleep at the call of the Lord, and which has all the rich and glowing colors of a fine oil painting—will be sent to the getter-up of every club, and, *under special rates*, to every subscriber. This Chromo is copyrighted, and the regular price of it is Five Dollars. It cannot be obtained for less than that price, except in connection with "The Lady's Friend," or "The Saturday Evening Post." It is twelve by fifteen inches in size.

TERMS—With the Chromo—Always in Advance.

One copy of The Lady's Friend, and one copy of the Chromo of "Little Samuel,"	$2.50
One copy of the Lady's Friend, one of "The Saturday Evening Post," and one Chromo of "Little Samuel,"	3.00
Four copies of the Lady's Friend and four Chromos (and one Chromo gratis),	8.00
Eight copies of The Lady's Friend, and eight Chromos, (and one copy each of the Magazine and Chromo gratis, for the sender of the club),	16.00
Additional subscribers may be added to the above clubs at	2.00

☞ These clubs can be made up of THE LADY'S FRIEND and "THE SATURDAY EVENING POST" conjointly, if 50 cents is added for each number of THE POST taken.

TERMS—Without the Chromo—Always in Advance.

Without the Chromo, we will send the Magazine at the old rates. One copy for $2.00. Four copies for $6.00. Eight copies (and one gratis to the sender of the Club) for $12.00. All additional at $1.50. Copies of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST can be taken in these Clubs at $2.00 apiece, which is now THE POST'S lowest Club price. The Chromo of "Little Samuel" will be sent to the *sender* of each Club, as a special reward for his or her trouble; and to each club-subscriber for one dollar extra.

One copy of THE LADY'S FRIEND ($2.00) and one of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST ($3.00) for $4.50.

OUR STEEL ENGRAVINGS.—Any one entitled a Chromo, may take in its place, if he so desires, a copy of either of our handsome Steel Engravings, "The Sisters," "One of Life's Happy Hours," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon."

☞ Those desirous of getting up a Club, or a Premium List, shall have a copy of the Magazine sent to them gratis. They would also find it advisable to remit one dollar, for which we will send a copy of the Chromo of "Little Samuel" in addition. They must state expressly, however, that they wish the Chromo for this purpose, or else it will not be furnished. If the Chromo gets seriously injured in canvassing for subscribers another will be sent to replace it.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to our order.*

☞ Ten cents should be forwarded *in all cases*, to pay the expense of mailing the Chromo.

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND, 20 cents.

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DEC. 14, 1872.

TERMS---Always in Advance.

"LITTLE SAMUEL."

A beautiful Scriptural Chromo of the Child-Prophet Samuel, starting up from his sleep at the call of the Lord, will be sent as a Premium to every single ($3.00) subscriber, who sends on ten cents to pay the expense of mailing, &c. It will also be sent to the getter-up of every Club.

RATES:

Single copy, $3.00 a year, payable in advance, not including postage, which is twenty cents a year, and payable at the office where the paper is received. Every single ($3.00) subscriber will be entitled to a copy of our Premium Chromo, "LITTLE SAMUEL," or to either of our large and beautiful Premium Steel Engravings—"The Sisters," "The Song of Home at Sea," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Washington at Mount Vernon." (Ten cents must always be remitted to pay the expense of mailing the Chromo or Engraving.)

One copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST ($3.00) and One of THE LADY'S FRIEND ($2.00) for $4.50. Or, if the Premium Chromo or an Engraving is desired in addition, $5.10.

One copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST (with the CHROMO, or one of our STEEL ENGRAVINGS,) and a copy of "PEMBERTON; OR, ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO" (postage paid), for $4.50.

TO THOSE WHO DESIRE TO GET UP CLUBS.

If you wish to get up a club for THE POST, send us your name, and we will forward you, *free of charge*, a number of specimen copies of the paper, so that, with them, you can give your neighborhood a good canvassing.

TERMS OF CLUBS. For $6.00 we will send four copies of THE POST for one year to one address, or each copy to a separate address. The person sending the Club shall be entitled to a copy of our Premium Chromo, or to either of our beautiful Premium Steel Engravings, "The Sisters," "One of Life's Happy Hours," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon."

For $16 we will send eight copies to one address, or each copy to a separate address. The person sending this Club shall be entitled to a copy *free*, and to a copy also of the Premium Chromo, or to either of our Premium engravings.

The senders of Clubs can afterwards add single copies at $2.00 each.

Any club-subscriber wishing the Chromo or an Engraving must remit *one dollar extra*.

The above Clubs may be composed partly of THE POST and partly of THE LADY'S FRIEND, if desired. The subscriptions to The Lady's Friend can be taken at $1.50 apiece, instead of $2.00. Thus four copies of THE POST, and four of THE LADY'S FRIEND will be sent for $14, and in the same proportion all through.

Special offers to those who wish to make up premium lists, will be found under that head.

CLUBS OR LISTS WITH CHROMO. Those desirous of getting up clubs with the Chromo, or Premium Lists, should remit one dollar, for which we will send them a copy of the Chromo. When the Club or List is forwarded, in case the Chromo has been injured in canvassing for subscribers, another will be sent to replace it.

☞ *No deviation allowed from our regular terms.* If less money is sent, the paper will be sent for a proportionate period.

WE WILL SEND YOU ANY NEWSPAPER OR MAGAZINE YOU WISH, IN CONNECTION WITH THE POST, AT A REDUCED PRICE—as follows: Any Paper or Magazine the regular price of which is $1.00 at 87 cts.; regular price $2.00 at $1.75; regular price $2.50 at $2.25; regular price $3.00 at $2.63; regular price $4.00 at $3.50; regular price $5.00 at $4.50.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ When additions are made to clubs, the new subscriptions must begin and end at the same time as the original club.

☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks *payable to our order*.

☞ Ten cents should be forwarded, *in all cases*, where subscribers are entitled to and wish the Chromo or an engraving, to pay the expense of mailing.

BE CAREFUL IN OPENING THE WRAPPERS OF THE CHROMO OR ENGRAVINGS. Our subscribers are enjoined to be very careful in opening the wrappers of the Chromo or Engravings when they are received lest they should injure them.

Address H. PETERSON & Co.,

No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

RENEW SUBSCRIPTIONS EARLY.

We trust that those of our subscribers whose subscriptions expire with the end of the year, will renew as early in December as possible.

So many subscriptions expire at that time, that it is impossible to re-enter them on our books at once, if they are held back to the last moment. Besides, such a great accumulation of work is a cause of frequent errors, as well as of delay.

If those therefore who can make it convenient will renew *early*, they will save us a great deal of trouble, and themselves the danger of there being any break in the regular weekly arrival of their paper.

ANOTHER NEW SERIAL.

About the first of January we shall begin a finely written novelette, entitled,

RAVENSWOOD;

OR,

THE RAFTSMEN OF THE DELAWARE.

BY BURR THORNBURY,

Author of "Skale the Scout," "The Tory Brothers," "Agnes Ayre," Etc., Etc.

The scenes are laid in the midst of the wild and romantic country of the upper Delaware, with which section the author is himself intimately acquainted. It is with great satisfaction we offer our readers this spirited story.

LETTERS FROM ZIG.

LOVELY WOMAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Yesterday I met an old gentleman whom I had not seen for two or three years. When I saw him the last time before this time, he weighed two hundred and twenty pounds in his Summer clothes. He was a good-hearted, honest old gentleman, simple and kindly in his ways, and everybody liked him well. He was the incarnate image of health, happiness, good living and good nature. He was nearly sixty years old, but so round and rosy was he that he hadn't a wrinkle in his face; no, no more than a baby. He was as jolly an old body as you'd want to see.

Well, I saw him yesterday, and what a change. What a fall away was there, my countrymen. I tell you he looked like a horse just giving it up with epizooty. His poor old face was one mass of wrinkles and troubled shadows. His little gray eyes, which used to twinkle like the two eyes of Old Santa Claus, were as sunken and sorrowful as the eyes of a "cold corpus." His jolly chin was a jolly chin no longer, but just a puny little old hard knot of bones. I declare I don't believe the poor soul had a hundred and forty little starved pounds left of his whole jolly two hundred and twenty. I never was more shocked in my life. What on earth had happened to him?

The women did it.

Now you know. The fact is the poor gentleman is just naturally working himself out of the world to keep up a family of grown daughters. He is a martyr to six lazy old maids. Three or four years ago, business was brisk, and things went well with the old gentleman and his old maids. They were never rich, but the old gentleman earned a good living, and they lived while they did live. Those six young ladies would have no more put their right hands to work than they'd have cut off their right hands. It was all very fine then. The six old maids could and did turn up their ugly little noses at women who worked. But times are dull with the poor old father, now. In point of fact, they are very dull. The business which furnished the money whereon the six old maids waxed fat and kicked, has decayed and become so hazardous and uncertain that, for a steady thing, a single man hardly dare trust to it for a living any more. And the poor old father and the six old maids have nothing else in the world to depend on for their bread and butter. And even that will fail them by and by. The father has lived a long time, and supported them faithfully, but—"the pitcher goes often to the well, and comes home broken at last." The old gentleman can't possibly live forever. What will become of the six old maids when he is dead? I don't know, and I'm sure I don't care. But the forlorn, heavily burdened father worries about it night and day. He remarked, in such a discouraged, sorrowful tone—

"I work every day of my life as hard as I can, and then it's all I can possibly do to keep my family."

I felt so ashamed that I could hardly look the poor old man in the face. Talk about the martyrs of old times! I tell you that for every dead and fusty old martyr in the catacombs there are ten living ones to-day, only instead of having the martyrdom hurried up quick and done with, it goes on and on through weary, painful years and lifetimes! Many and many a tired, racked old man is a living martyr to a pack of good-for-nothing women. When a man's family is big enough and strong enough to work for its own living, if the father is a poor man, it is the duty of that family to go and take care of itself. It is *not* a man's duty, at a time of life when he needs repose and quiet at his own fireside, to strain the last nerve in his poor old worn-out body, to feed a half-dozen idle women. Not much.

Years ago the mother of these six old maids was warned of what was to come. Far-seeing friends advised her to prepare her daughters to earn their own living, to give them trades, or an education, or something which would enable them to keep the wolf from the door, when the wolf got hungry. The idiot of a woman tossed her head disdainfully. Her daughters shouldn't work. Not they! They should never come down that low in the world. They should stay at home and be supported till they were married. She looked steadily forward to her daughters' marrying for a living. The demented dunce actually believed that as soon as her rosebuds should come of suitable age, the hour and the man would come together, and the man would say to a lovely rosebud, in the language of Mother Goose: (I find infinite comfort in Mother Goose,)

"Curly locks, curly locks, wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not wash the dishes nor yet feed the swine;
But sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,
And feed upon strawberries, sugar and cream."

So the mother and the rosebud sat down and waited for the hour and the man. The hour came. The man didn't. In point of fact, although the hour has long gone by, the coming man hasn't come—yet. And still the six old maids sit and talk scandal and toast their shins over the kitchen fire, and wait for him. I'm afraid he won't come. Their mother fondly believed that each particular one of 'em was destined to wed a man of fortune. I don't know why she did, I'm sure. The six lazy old maids are not intelligent or useful or good-tempered, and the dear Lord above knows they ar'n't handsome. Indeed, so far from getting a rich husband apiece, I fear there will never be even one man among the whole six of 'em. Men and women are afraid of them. Men are afraid of their indolent, extravagant habits, and women are afraid of their tongues. So they haven't many friends; and they don't deserve many.

If I've said it once, I've said it a hundred thousand times, and now I'm going to say it again, that every girl who hasn't a fortune in her own right, ought to be trained to earn her own living. The biggest, meanest humbug upon earth is that imported humbug that it is disgraceful for a woman to work. On the contrary, it is disgraceful for a woman not to work, if she is a poor woman. And it is something more than disgraceful; it is shameful to bring up a woman in absolute dependence on some man for her bread and butter. It makes the woman shallow and childish, and the man *bossish*, if you will allow the word, when, between ourselves, the men are a little too much given that way now, just a little. Moreover, if those six lazy old maids long ago had had the pluck and the wit to enter the battle of life and win their own honest living, they wouldn't be six forlorn old maids now. No indeed! ZIG.

MY PICTURE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It isn't that I have only one—for, on the four walls that shut me in, hang many gems which may well delight the eye. There are pleasant landscapes in exquisite light and shadow, little figure-pieces that seem copied straight from nature; and one picture—a child's head, set in a deep frame of burnished silver, rimmed round with dark wood—which has long been my favorite picture.

It hangs just over my writing-desk, and is a constant pleasure to my tired eyes when I lift them from these dull sheets of paper.

But this isn't my picture—the new, beautiful thing that I love better than all the rest.

Ah, you guess what it is?

A sweet child face, with tender mouth and holy eyes—a face in which shine the innocence of childhood and the wisdom that cometh from above—a face that sinks at once, deep down in memory's well of bright waters—waters of recollection in which shine many a fair picture—a face that once seen, you never can forget.

And is it *only* a picture? Is it nothing but light and shadow and color and expression?

Ah, there is more than this! In those clear eyes is the trust we *all* need, to enable us to walk through life, undismayed by shadows of suffering; on those lips the rare words of self-abnegation, so seldom spoken in the hurry and bustle of life, but which, once spoken from the *heart*, change all the color and meaning of life.

"*Here am I!*"

To do Thy will, dear Lord, not mine own; to have no purpose or aim in life, but such as Thou shalt sanctify; to give myself, in all my thoughts and ways, up to Thy service! In toil or in pleasure, in joy or in pain, in doing or bearing, in *all* things to be guided by Thy good counsel, and to be led by Thy love!

Such are the *good* thoughts you suggest to a hundred hearts, waiting to be influenced for good or for evil, when you send out your Chromo of "Little Samuel" over the land.

And in one home at least, it finds a welcome. CLIO STANLEY.

SPLENDID LIST OF PREMIUMS!

[We offer the following splendid list of Premiums, because we wish to increase our subscription list—and therefore mean to pay well those who will aid us in so doing. We prefer this mode to the usual expensive system of advertising.]

Mark! Every Subscriber in a Premium List is entitled to one of our handsome Steel Plate Engravings—"The Sisters," "The Song of Home at Sea," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Washington at Mount Vernon," or to the Beautiful Chromo of

"LITTLE SAMUEL;"

representing the Child-Prophet as he is aroused from slumber by the voice of the Lord, (I. Samuel; Chapter 3.) This Chromo would be sold in the stores for $5. It is twelve by fifteen inches in size. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of "THE SATURDAY EVENING POST," and "THE LADY'S FRIEND." The subscribers to THE LADY'S FRIEND may be taken at $2.50 instead of $3.00.

For 50	subscribers, at	$3	each,	a Silver-plated Tea Set, including Coffee Pot, worth..... $50.00
For 40	"	"		a Lady's solid gold, long Opera Chain—with tassels and handsomely enamelled slides with Pearl settings, worth..... 40.00
For 40	"	"		a Lady's Fine Gold Watch, 18 karat, full jeweled, detached lever, worth 50.00
				or a Grover & Baker's Sewing Machine, worth..... 50.00
				or a 4-octave Melodeon, worth..... 50.00
For 30	"	"		a Full Jewelled, Detached Lever, Coin Silver Watch, worth..... 30.00
For 30	"	"		a Novelty Printing Press, worth..... 30.00
For 20	"	"		a Full Jewelled, Detached Lever, Coin Silver watch, worth..... 20.00
For 14	"	"		a Doty's Washing Machine, worth..... 14.00
For 12	"	"		a Silver-plated Cake Basket, worth..... 12.00
				or a Silver-plated Ice Pitcher, worth..... 12.00
				or a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, worth..... 12.00
For 10	"	"		a Silver-plated Castor, worth..... 10.00
For 9	"	"		a set of Parlor Billiards, worth..... 6.00
				or a Set of Croquet, maple, worth..... 10.00
				or a Set of "Le Cercle," (the new field game,) polished maple, worth. 10.00
				or a Universal Clothes Wringer, worth..... 9.00
For 5	"	"		a Three-quart Ice Cream Freezer, (Packer,) worth..... 4.50
For 4	"	"		a Set of Six Croquet Balls, Tilton's Ebonite, worth..... 4.00
For 4	"	"		a set of Parlor Quoits, worth..... 3.00
For 2	"	"		One copy of "Pemberton; or, One Hundred Years Ago," by H. Peterson; bound in cloth, worth..... 1.75

GOLD PENS AND HOLDERS.

For 5	subscribers at	$3	each,	No. 6 Pen, Solid Silver Extension Case, worth..... 4.00
For 6	"	"		Business, or No. 7 Pen, Telescopic Holder, (can be carried safely in vest pocket,) worth..... 4.50

The above Gold Pens are made by E. S. Johnson & Co., New York, and are of unequaled finish, elasticity and durability. They have been sold by first-class dealers for the past twenty years.

PEN AND POCKET KNIVES.

For 3	subscribers at	$3	each,	One "Senator" Pocket Knife, 4 blades, Shell Handle, worth,..... 2.50
				or Two Pruning Knives, 1 blade, Cocoa Handle, worth, each..... 1.25
For 5	"	"		One "Senator" Pocket Knife, 5 blades, Pearl Handle, Octagon, worth.. 4.50

PATENT HARD RUBBER HANDLE TABLE KNIVES.

For 5	subscribers, at	$3	each,	Half-a-dozen Table Knives, Solid Oval Handle, Concave Bolster, ivory tip, worth..... 4.00
For 4	"	"		Half-a-dozen Dessert Knives, Solid Oval Handle, ivory tip, worth..... 3.75
For 5	"	"		One Pair Beef and Game Carvers, ivory tip, worth..... 3.75

HEAVY SILVER PLATED KNIVES.

For 12	subscribers, at	$3	each,	Half-a-dozen Silver Plated Table Knives, Heavy Oval Ivory Handles, worth..... 12.00
For 10	"	"		Half-a-dozen Silver Plated Dessert Knives, Heavy Oval Ivory Handles, worth..... 8.00
For 8	"	"		One Pair Carvers, Heavy Oval Superfine Ivory Handle, worth..... 7.00

HEAVILY SILVER PLATED SPOONS AND FORKS.

For 3	subscribers, at	$3	each,	One Set Tea Spoons, Extra Plate, worth..... 2.25
For 5	"	"	"	" Triple " " 4.00
For 6	"	"	"	" Dessert " Extra " " 4.25
For 8	"	"	"	" Triple " " 6.50
For 7	"	"	"	" Table " Extra " " 5.50
For 10	"	"	"	" Triple " " 8.25
For 8	"	"	"	" Forks, Extra " " 5.50
For 10	"	"	"	" Triple " " 8.25
For 4	"	"		A pair of Solid Oval Ivory Handle Butter Knives, Silver Plated, worth 3.00
For 6	"	"		One Child's Set, consisting of Pearl Handle Silver Plated Knife and Fork and Spoon in a fine Morocco Case, worth..... 5.50

☞ The above named goods are made at the celebrated manufactory of the Meriden Cutlery Co., Meriden, Conn., and by Reed & Barton, New York City, and are warranted A No. 1 in every particular. Premiums will be forwarded as rapidly as possible in their order. A set of Spoons, Forks, &c., is always half-a-dozen pieces.

OR ANYTHING ELSE!

Any person wishing articles not on the above list, will please let us know what they prefer, and we will arrange to furnish them. ☞ *On lists of four or over, a commission of twenty per cent., (one-fifth the amount,) may be retained, if the money is preferred to the Premium.*"☜

REMARKS.

Everything offered in our list of Premiums is guaranteed to be an excellent article. The valuation is simply the usual retail price of the article in Philadelphia and New York. By means of purchasing at the best sources, and at wholesale prices, and giving advertising in return, we are enabled to offer these splendid inducements. Our only object is to increase our circulation—giving those who help us to do this the benefit of the Premiums.

☞ The lists may be made up for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST exclusively at $3.00, or for THE LADY'S FRIEND exclusively at $2.50, or partly for one and partly the other, as is desired. Both old and new subscribers may be counted in the lists of four or over. In lists of two or three, all must be new subscribers. Either of our Steel Engravings may be substituted for the Chromo.

The Canvasser for a list for Premiums would do well to take with him a copy of THE POST, a copy of THE LADY'S FRIEND, and one of our beautiful Premium Chromos. They will be sent to those desirous of making up lists (and to those only) for $1.00. When the List is forwarded, in case the Chromo has been injured in canvassing for subscribers, another Chromo will be sent in its place, or the dollar may be deducted from the amount due us.

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WARNED.

They stood at the garden gate.
By the lifting of a lid
She might have read her fate
In a little thing he did.

He plucked a beautiful flower,
Tore it away from its place
On the side of the blooming bower,
And held it against his face.

Drank in its beauty and bloom,
In the midst of his idle talk;
Then cast it down to the gloom
And dust of the garden walk.

Ay, trod it under his foot,
As it lay in his pathway there;
Then spurned it away with his boot,
Because it had ceased to be fair.

Ah! the maiden might have read
The doom of her young life than;
But she looked in his eyes instead,
And thought him the king of men.

She looked in his eyes and blushed,
She hid in his strong arms' fold;
And the tale of the flower, crushed
And spurned, was once more told.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY OLIVE KING.

DEAR POST—Fashions are always plenty at this season, nor are they confined to the human race. The poultry have had a fashion of swelling up around the throat and pretending they had the horse disease; thinking, I suppose, thus to save their heads from the executioner's block. It was a mad venture, and reflects little credit on the hen family. I have read somewhere that it was an abstruse moral question whether a hen had any *taste*, but it seems to me there is no question in point of *brains*. With the slightest reasoning faculty, and the least knowledge of the avarice of mankind in general and poulterers in particular, they might have foreseen that any evidence of indisposition just before Thanksgiving would bring death and destruction at once. There was no time for a course of treatment, and farmers could not afford to take any risks, so the only safety was in killing them at once while they were in slaughtering condition. They have found this out, probably, and may know better next time. "Experience is a dear school, and hens will learn in no other."

IN MATTERS OF DRESS

there are some novelties, and I have seen a great many very pretty and very elegant things the last week, but as almost all belonged in some way to weddings, I really haven't the heart to describe them. Weddings are well enough, I suppose. Anyhow we all seem to think so at some time in the course of our lives. But as for saying anything new about them, or trying to vary things, it is a simple impossibility. I like to look at bridal *trousseaus*, and hear how much they cost, and find out how many yards of *pointe* lace is used, and the length of the train, and I always hope the bride will be as happy as she expects to be and the bridegroom ditto. And yet there is such an exasperating sameness about weddings that I am always glad when the bride absconds with the other fellow, or the husband aleot fails to keep his appointment. Of course, it causes a momentary embarrassment, and sometimes a little crying or scolding, but it adds a welcome variety, and for the sake of that I am willing to put up with almost anything. As far as I know anything about it, brides this year have worn pale lavender for bridal dresses, and have expended small fortunes in appropriate trimmings of white lace; but now I am credibly informed that nothing is quite so *distingué* as white *satin* for the bride, white silk grenadine for the bridesmaids, while the mother of the bride need not wear the conventional pearl-colored silk if she hasn't got it.

In novelties we have a sleeve and a necktie and a sash and a few other trifles that will bear to come under that head; but in the essential portions of the outfit, we stand just where we did one year ago. I did think some months since that we had got about as much polonaise as we needed, and I welcomed the report that they were to be no longer fashionable, and did what little I could to establish the idea. I am sorry I said anything now, for as near as I can calculate it is the only style we shall ever have. I think myself that for a "whole city full" of ladies a prettier uniform could not be adopted. It looks very well on tall people, uncommonly well on short people, reasonably well on thin people, and as well as anything on stout people; but when one sees them everywhere for a long time, and *hears* nothing but *polonaise*, it grows monotonous, and pretty or ugly, a change is desirable. But there is no use longing for the unattainable. Ladies are beautiful as they dress now, I suppose; and if so, it seems to me they would be angelic if they could leave off a little of the trimming, and come back to round waists and plainly-looped overskirts. But they can't. They have got to wear the polonaise with its voluminous draping and its pleatings and ruffling, and lace and fringe. The flowing sleeve, all along with the "flowing bowl," is discountenanced. Close-fitting sleeves are the idea, and to be thoroughly fashionable must be as tight as—a ward politician. This is very well for plump, pretty arms, but those of the "sickly sentimental" type, who congratulate themselves on being delicate, will be likely to condemn the fashion at once. For winter it is a sensible sleeve, and with the majority will be popular. Silk scarfs to correspond with the dress, or in pretty contrast with it are frequently seen, but are not particularly graceful. Sometimes, when large, they are put on to resemble a *fichu*, the ends crossing in the back and falling over the *tournure*, while the centre is pleated up and finished with a bow or rosette. A pretty style of neck-tie is a knot of ribbon with short ends trimmed with lace. The ribbon should be *faille*, and the lace should be of real Valenciennes or *pointe*; a fold or two of the ribbon passes around the neck under the collar. A great variety of these ties are exhibited in fancy stores, and the young ladies in attendance are particular to call them *Jabots*, which is Indian for articles of that kind, I suppose.

BONNETS

are improving. It is impossible to say *how* they vary from the shapes of last year, but they do vary, and they look ever so much better for it. I think the coronet front is not as high as formerly, and it is not built in exactly the same style of architecture. We must have been having the "Elizabethan," and this is the "Doric" or "Ionic." A profusion of trimming is in order, and as a rule is very artistically distributed. In point of price you cannot get a handsome bonnet for a song, unless the song is a very good one. "The drummer boy of Waterloo" or the "Sword of Bunker Hill" would not fetch it. In greenbacks, from $60 to $80, would probably get one good enough for almost any occasion.

Hats show two or three new shapes, but the tendency is to an even greater altitude than we have already endured. This is well for the "little women," but it must be discouraging to the tall ones—especially those who are, at the shortest, several inches taller than their husbands. Serves them right though for not studying the "eternal fitness of things" in the first place. The very latest shape is not known by any name, but it bears a great resemblance to the Alpine hat of two years ago, though much higher. One or two Aigrette feathers and a plain band of ribbon constitute the trimming. It is rather a stylish hat, but has few claims to either elegance or beauty. The material is usually black or green felt.

JACKETS

of every description are in market, and the sales are said to be extensive. Jackets for the house of pressed flannel or ladies' cloth are very popular and very pretty. Velvet jackets close-fitting and sleeveless are worn upon dressy occasions. Buckskin and woollen jackets are worn for warmth under the polonaise, or light street wraps. The buckskin jacket is rather a new idea, and is also rather a good one. They are sleeveless, and made to fit loosely over the waist in basque form. Ornamentation in pinking and stitching is indulged in. They are said to afford great protection from cold, and are not in the least bungling.

SLIPPERS,

or rather rosettes for slippers, show a change from the old styles. The slipper itself is low cut, very light, and of finest French kid; the rosettes are small, and dispense with the slide or buckle. One is placed in the usual place upon the toe of the slipper, the other, which is a little larger, farther up on the foot. The style is unique and tasteful, and has the effect of bringing a low instep up to the patrician curve with decidedly more comfort than in the old way of raising the heel with pads.

HUMAN HAIR AND ITS SUBSTITUTES.

Formerly, as ladies grew in years and their hair became thin, a false "switch" was procured, and combined with the growing hair to repair the ravages of time. Great care was taken to conceal the fact that false hair was worn, and it was only to her most intimate lady friends that the fact was whispered even.

But now all this is changed. Nineteen-twentieths of all the women in the country, who make any pretence to dress, wear false hair or some artificial equivalent, and the lady who, no matter how luxuriant her tresses, should presume to appear in society without supplementing their natural growth with "rats," "nice," "switches," "bands," or some other specimen of the wigmaker's handiwork, would find herself so hopelessly in the minority and so laughed at by all, from her dressing-maid to her most intimate friend, that resistance would be impossible, and surrender at discretion imperative.

The hair which adorns the heads of our belles and matrons comes mainly from the heads of the peasant women of France, Germany and Italy. The hair buyer, supplied with sundry stores best calculated to captivate the rural eye, travels from village to village, seeking out those whose wealth of hair gives promise of a handsome price in the Paris market, the great centre of the hair trade, and drives the best bargain he can in obtaining it. Sometimes the price is paid in money, but more generally in finery of various kinds, such as ribbons, cheap laces, trinkets, etc., a trade in which the buyer realizes a handsome profit both ways, and the seller parts with the adornment which Nature has provided for almost worthless ornaments which she will soon tire of and throw aside.

Having completed his purchases, the buyer takes or sends the hair he has collected to the broker, who buys it at a price which pays the buyer well for his trouble. It next goes into the hands of the merchant, under whose supervision it is cleaned with meal, sorted as to length and color, and put up in packages weighing from one to four ounces, each consisting of hairs of uniform length and color, but not all the product of any one head.

Strange as it may seem, the hair which grows upon the heads of our fashionable ladies has no commercial value. Through much crimping, curling, and dosing with various hair "invigorators," "restorers," pomades, &c., it not only becomes variegated in color, but hard and brittle, rendering it wholly unfit for use in the manufacture of hair work. Indeed, it is found that the more people "take care" of their hair, the more they injure it, while those European peasant who let Nature take its course, and seldom even comb their hair, produce the finest and most delicate article.

In the shape in which the buyer brings it from the country, this hair is worth about $20 per pound, in gold. After it has been sorted, the different lots vary in value according to length and shade, from $15 to $100 per ounce. Indeed it is almost impossible to set a limit to the outside price of choice lots of long hair of desirable shades, for so difficult are they to obtain, and so urgent is the demand from parties with whom money is a secondary consideration altogether, that the fortunate holders can set their own price and be sure of a customer. "A switch of very light gray hair," said a dealer, "thirty-six inches long and weighing five ounces, is worth $1000, and can rarely be found at that price."

In a country like ours, where fashion is a law to the poor as well as to the rich, it has been necessary to provide some cheap substitute for human hair, in order that girls of slender means may vie with their wealthier sisters in the adornment (?) of their heads.

For this purpose, several substances are in use. The first material applied to this purpose was jute, which, after passing through several processes, is reduced to a long and glossy fibre which, in general effect, closely resembles hair, and which, owing to its comparative cheapness, rapidly came into general use. By means of dyeing, it was produced in all possible shades, and was eagerly bought in the shape of "switches," "waterfalls," &c.

Probably the best substitute for human hair yet introduced is silk fiber. Its fineness and strength render it peculiarly suitable, while its brilliant luster adds to its resemblance to the real article. It is used both alone and in connection with real hair, especially in those cases where a switch just sprinkled with gray is required. To produce this effect, dark hair and gray silk fiber is taken in unequal proportions, varying according to the shade desired, and woven together, the result being with difficulty distinguished from a combination of real hair, yet costing, owing to the immense price of long gray hair, a moderate sum comparatively. Bands and braids are also made of silk, the exposed portion only being of this material, and the filling of jute or "combings."

In the process of adapting jute to this use, *nicotin*, the essential principle of tobacco, and corrosive sublimate, a most deadly mercurial poison, is used. It is also rendered exceedingly brittle, and breaks as easily as spun glass. The small particles find their way through the hair to the scalp, and, their edges being ragged from the combing process, act like so many poisoned barbs, which, entering the pores and being held in place, introduce the poison beneath the skin and cause irritation and ulceration. It is owing to this that the idea became current that the jute contained animal parasites that bored in the skin and laid their eggs beneath it. The most careful examination has failed to discover any vestiges of animal life in jute, but the little barbs we have spoken of have been distinctly seen protruding from the pores of the scalp, and the sores they produce give every evidence of being the result of mercurial poison.

A more recent and harmless substitute for human hair is found in fine cotton and linen thread, dyed to the proper shade and sized to give it the requisite gloss, and then made up into the various forms in which it can be used. Switches of this material are sold at retail for about one dollar each, a price at which a very handsome profit is probably realized by the dealer.

Formerly hair-work was sold only in a few of the leading hair-dressing establishments. Now large and expensive stores are devoted to its sale in the large cities, nearly every dealer in fancy articles keeps some of the grades of so-called "hair goods," and in every country store neat card-board boxes, containing switches, chignons, and other head gear, are offered for sale. So long as fashion holds its present course, every woman in the land nearly is a customer, and thus an enormous bulk of business is done, paying handsome profits to all engaged in it. At first the percentage of profit was extremely large, but competition has reduced this materially. But the volume of business has increased in a like ratio, and the sale of hair and hair-work continues to be exceedingly profitable.

CHRISTINE.

A RONDAU.

I.

Between thy heart and mine, Christine,
Sweet, sweet the love that once has been;
And nothing sad or dark was there,
No shadow on the picture fair,
No storm-cloud 'mid the sunshine seen,
Between thy heart and mine, Christine.

II.

Between the *then* and *now*, Christine,
There frowns a loveless barrier-screen;
One year's long lonely road is spread,
With cruel false words carpeted;
No hand stretched out to hand is seen
Between the *then* and *now*, Christine.

III.

Between thy heart and mine, Christine,
A sea is wide, and winds are keen,
And naught but ghosts of long dead times,
And naught but echoes of old rhymes;
For love is dead that once has been
Between thy heart and mine, Christine.

COMPLAINTS OF AN OVERGROWN GIRL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEAR POST—I have lately read the complaints of several persons, in your paper, relative to their unfortunate personal appearance, but I think that none of the disadvantages mentioned are so trying as the fact of being overgrown.

Now you may think that this is not so very dreadful, but perhaps if you were a young girl but fourteen years old, and five feet six inches tall, you might possibly be induced to sympathize with me. You enter a new school, for the first time—a place where you naturally feel timid, and when asked your age by the teacher, you answer "fourteen years old." The teacher throws up her hands, and involuntarily exclaims, "Fourteen!" while all the scholars say "Oh!" in half suppressed whispers; viewing you over from head to foot. Of course it is delightfully interesting to me.

At an examination of our school, about two years ago, before a large audience, the teacher asked me my age, for the purpose of giving me an example in arithmetic. Well, I told him that I was twelve years old; upon which he exclaimed, "Twelve! why, you mean sixteen, don't you?" I explained to him that I meant *exactly* what I said; so he gave me the example, and I did it. Of course, I felt uncomfortable; and I heartily wished that I was either smaller or older, or both. Besides, I don't believe that there was hardly one in the room but thought that I told a falsehood.

The next day—I suppose for the purpose of testing me—he said, "I believe that you said yesterday, that you were sixteen years old, did you not?" I told him that I did not say anything of the kind—so he didn't get ahead of me that time, if I *was* overgrown.

Then every one expects such a great big girl, to behave so much more lady-like than the other girls of her age. You are always counted as a young lady, and expected to act as such. Then you must be much farther advanced than the girls of your own age, else you are called a dull scholar.

I tell you, it is really provoking.

Some persons say, "Oh! I would give anything, if I were as tall as you are, and so young. It would be so nice to have every one think you were a young lady." But I cannot agree with them; I can only pity them for their ignorance on this tender subject. CORALIE.

Mysteries of the Feminine Toilet.

The other day, says a recent writer, I heard of an incident which shows that even men of society do not understand all the mysteries of the feminine toilet. A gentleman who devotes a large part of his time to the society of ladies, and who believes himself a *connoisseur* in all that pertains to them, was much annoyed by observing that a fair friend of his, favorably known for her style of elegant dressing, would insist, when the weather would allow it, upon wearing an old shawl devoid of any claims to beauty or good taste.

The gallant endured this for a long while. He walked up Broadway and Fifth avenue, and rode in the park with his friend, and often looked at the odious shawl in a way that he thought would convince her of its unfitness for so elegant a woman as herself.

She did not take the hint, however, but continued to display it on every possible occasion. He lost patience at last, and said to her one day:

"May I be permitted to inquire why you will wear that miserable shawl all the time? It ruins your dress. You look so exquisitely otherwise that I cannot comprehend why you will deform yourself with such a faded rag as that. It has nothing in the world to recommend it; and I believe if you were to throw it off in the street nobody would pick it up."

The bright eyes opened with surprise, and a strange expression fell across the pretty face.

"You are jesting, are you not?" the lady asked. "You do not really dislike my shawl, do you?"

"I never was more serious in my life. I thoroughly detest this thing which you call a shawl."

"Well, then, I'll inform you that this is a camel's-hair shawl; and, though I think it in very bad taste to speak of prices, it cost $3,000 at Stewart's, and is one of the finest ever brought to this country."

The young man was astounded; but his taste was correct.

A Cool-Headed Young Lady.

Pennsylvania has some astonishingly cool-headed young ladies. The Titusville Herald tells a story of one who should have the medal. On the Union and Titusville Railroad there is a long, high trestle, which is on one side concealed from the engineer of an approaching train by a sharp curve in the road. A short time ago, as a train wheeled around this curve, the engineer was horrified to discover a lady midway on the trestle. Quick as thought he checked the train, though he knew it was an utter impossibility to bring it to a stand in season to prevent a dire catastrophe. The lady heard the warning whistle, and turning her head, saw the iron monster almost upon her. Escape seemed impossible; to remain was certain death; to jump to the ground beneath, a distance of thirty to forty feet, equally certain death, and to attempt to run ahead and escape was out of the question. She neither screamed nor fainted, but *acted*. Thirty inches below the ends of the ties, and immediately under the stringer which supports them, there was a joist five inches wide running from one support of the trestle to another. Quickly she swung herself down to this narrow thread with the apparent ease of a gymnast, and with her arms clasped around it, stretched herself at full length along it as the train thundered by almost over her. As soon as the engineer saw her action he threw off his brakes, and putting on steam, hurried past as soon as possible, when she nimbly sprang to the track again, and pursued her journey as though nothing had happened.

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HARRY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY DAISY BURNS.

Blue eyes, manly, glowing
With a tender light,
In their sweet depths showing
All that's pure and bright.

Brown hair, soft and waving,
A fair, high brow above,
Sign of a noble, tender heart,—
How can I help but love!

A voice so sweet, so witching,
He's a being full of glee,
And a smile so sweet, so gentle,
Oh, is that smile for me?

His form is all that's manly,
I know his heart is so,
I love him truly, fondly,
And he loves me too, I know.

THE CHILTON ESTATE;

OR,

Close Play for a Fortune.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BETT WINWOOD,

AUTHOR OF "A BLACK SHEEP IN THE FOLD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

LOCKED-IN.

For one moment Mr. Chilton stood still, trembling and white with passion. He saw Claudia dart down the hall-steps, and caught the flutter of her white robe on the lawn, through the house door which she had left standing open.

Then he roused himself. "D——n the girl," he muttered between his teeth, "she is running away."

He dashed after her. She was already several yards from the house, and running like a wild deer.

"Stop her!" he screamed, catching sight of a second figure on the lawn. "Stop her, she's mad!"

It was Lamont he had seen. The little Frenchman sprang into the path, realising at a glance the true state of affairs, perhaps. He gave a suppressed shout, and his diminutive limbs flew over the gravel of the path with wonderful velocity.

Claudia had seen him. She heard his step mingling with the harsh tramp, tramp of her uncle's in pursuit. Terror lent wings to her feet. She clasped her hands over her heart, and dashed on more rapidly than ever.

At first she had obeyed a sudden mad impulse in fleeing from the house. Now she was sure that God had sent the thought, or that her only hope lay in escaping from the power of the wretches who surrounded her.

The gate stood open, as usual. Mr. Chilton was too politic a man to keep it shut and locked when no very urgent necessity existed.

On, on, sped Claudia, hope growing brighter and brighter in her heart. She reached the gate. With a great sob of thankfulness she was about to pass it, when two men sprang out of the shrubbery, one from either side, and pounced upon her like birds of prey.

"Stop her!" Mr. Chilton had yelled in the distance. "Stop the cursed fool!"

The men had obeyed the command. Her arms were gripped in a hold from which there was no escape.

She looked from one to the other. They were the same two men who had stood there when the blood-hound had set upon herself and Hetty.

"Let me go," she pleaded. "For the love of Heaven, let me go."

"Can't do it miss," grinned the uglier of the two men. "Must obey the gov'nor's orders, you know. Here he comes, and you can settle this business with him."

Mr. Chilton and Lamont now dashed up to the little group, panting and out of breath.

"You vixen," snarled Mr. Chilton, shaking Claudia roughly by the shoulder, "You'll not try that game again in a hurry."

She glanced hard at him. Her eyes were wild in their expression, but very penetrating. She seemed trying to read his very soul.

She did not speak, however. After a long, long look, she dropped her head on her bosom, and moaned.

"Come back," said Mr. Chilton, sharply. "You are mad. Come back to the house with me."

"Yes, come back, my dear little friend," echoed Lamont. "It is best. Would I tell you so unless I were sure of it myself? Oh, no, no. Where were you going? To run away? Bah! What could such a wee little mouse do by itself in the great, big, wicked world, where there are so many hungry cats waiting for such a precious titbit?"

Still silent, pale as death, with sheer despair written all over her face, Claudia suffered Mr. Chilton and Lamont to lead her up the path again.

What could she do? The thought came upon her like a horror, that Lamont, as well as the men at the gate, was one of her uncle's spies and tools.

She shrank in shuddering recoil from all the dreadful suspicions that this thought suggested. Ah, how blind she had been! How foolish, not to have yielded to the vague distrust that had beset her from the first!

At the house door Lamont released his hold. But Mr. Chilton did nothing of the sort. With his hand still closed tightly over her arm, he led her up the grand staircase.

"Which is your room?" he asked, gruffly.

She silently pointed it out. The key was in the lock. Having satisfied himself of this fact, he pushed her, unresisting, over the threshold.

Claudia stood like a statue, as he had left her. She heard the key click sharply; then the sound of her uncle's retreating footsteps.

She was a prisoner in her own chamber.

There is something sinister and alarming in the insult of being locked up in a room. Claudia was more thoroughly frightened than she had ever been before.

She felt stunned, with all the rest. A film came before her eyes. For some seconds she could neither see nor hear distinctly.

Suddenly she felt a strong, loving arm thrown around her waist—the arm of Hetty Deane.

"Don't look like that!" cried Hetty, in an anguished tone. "You frighten me. What has happened?"

A little, tremulous cry of joy, that was almost a moan after all, fell from Claudia's lips. The rigidity left her limbs. She fell upon Hetty's neck with a smothered sob.

"Thank God that you are here!"

Hetty's presence in the room seemed to soothe her. It broke the icy calm that would not suffer her to appeal to Mr. Chilton or make a second trial for life and liberty. She began to sob hysterically.

Hetty was weeping herself, but she did her best to comfort her.

"What has happened?" she asked again, when she had led Claudia to the couch, and they were crying in each other's arms.

"The door—the door!"

"What of it?"

"*He* locked it—did he not?"

Hetty, too, had heard the clicking of the key. But to put the question beyond a doubt she ran back and tried the door.

"Yes," she answered, smiling her best through her tears. "It is locked. It is all a mistake, though, I am sure. Mr. Chilton did not intend so to insult you."

Her own ghastly face belied her words. She felt this—caught Claudia's frightened stare, and fell on her knees beside the couch.

"God help us both!" she moaned.

"Then you know—you *do* know, Hetty?"

"I don't know what has happened just now. But I can guess it is something dreadful."

"Yes, very dreadful."

She shivered so she could not say more for a moment or two. And Hetty, in spite of her efforts to be calm, was the most agitated of the two.

She was sure that the devils incarnate who surrounded them had at last shown their cards, and that some terrible trial was right before herself and the poor, trembling girl who clung to her so wildly.

"I'm afraid, I'm afraid," Claudia faltered, at last, in a whisper.

"Of what?"

"I don't know. Reginald frightens me, and so does Uncle Eustace. What do you think they mean to do? Oh, Hetty, what *will* they do?"

"Nothing to harm you that I can prevent."

"Oh, my God!"

She wrung her hands wildly and seemed almost beside herself. Some moments elapsed before she grew calmer. At last she looked earnestly into Hetty's face.

"I believe *you* are true to me," she said, "But you are the only person in this house I can trust."

"I will not desert you."

"I am sure of that. And you and I must find some means of escaping from the brutes who have locked us in."

"We will try," said Hetty, though not in a hopeful voice.

"When?"

"Not now—we should be seen. To-night, if you wish."

"Then to-night it is."

A silence fell between the two girls, after this. Neither one liked to give utterance to all the vague suspicions of some coming horror that now filled the minds of both alike.

Several hours wore on. Suddenly a key turned in the lock and Mrs. Chilton stepped into the room, and stood with her back against the door regarding the captives with malevolent glances.

"And so *you* are here, with my dutiful niece?" she sneered, addressing Hetty.

"Yes. I had come in to speak to her, and was waiting here when I was locked in."

"Humph. My husband did not see you. But it does not matter. When we missed you we readily guessed where you were."

Hetty's lip curled, but she did not reply.

"As for you, Claudia," Mrs. Chilton resumed, slowly turning to her niece, "I hope you have come to your senses in the time that has been given you for that purpose."

"I have made up my mind not to let you or anybody else drive them out of me again if I can help it," was answered in a resolute but tremulous voice.

"Faugh!" sneered Mrs. Chilton, with a smirk. "You're a vicious little fool. There's no love lost between you and me, and I'm glad that the time is come when I can tell you so."

"There is no need to tell me," said Claudia, with calm dignity.

"So much the better. Now let us come to an understanding at once. Why are you locked into this room? Can you guess?"

She waited for an answer, leering impudently into the white faces turned upon her own.

"To gratify your malice or my uncle's, I suppose."

Mrs. Chilton bit her lip viciously. "Your tongue is a very free one," she muttered. "But you'll soon learn to bridle it. Now listen and learn the only condition upon which you are ever to regain your liberty in this world."

She paused, and Claudia gasped sharply the one word:

"Well?"

"You must marry Reginald. You can only leave this room as his wife. We are tired of your obstinacy. You must and shall marry him."

Claudia started up at that, fear giving way before her kindling spirit.

"Never," she cried, proudly. "Is this an age in which women can be forced to wed against their will? No, no. I defy you to do your worst. You dare not use violence."

Mrs. Chilton laughed to herself, a low, terrible, startling laugh.

"I don't think you fully understand the case. You forget that nobody ever comes to this house—that all the servants are in complete subjection to its master—that it is a sort of absolute monarchy in which no will is known save mine and that of my husband. You forget all this, I say."

She paused a moment, and then went on:

"Who is there here to hinder Mr. Chilton and myself from doing as we please? Nobody. And we please that you should marry Reginald. Do you hear?"

CHAPTER XX.

BAFFLED.

There was a moment's deep silence in the room, the only sound audible being the sharp, hurried breathing of the three women.

"Yes, I hear," said Claudia, at last.

Mrs. Chilton's words had been like a death-knell. They destroyed the last faint hope she might have cherished of still finding peace and happiness in that dreadful house.

"I hear," she repeated, in a calm voice—the calmness of despair it was.

"Then I will waste no further words;" and Mrs. Chilton turned to go out. "You know what to expect. The sooner you make up your mind to receive Reginald kindly, the better."

"Stay!" screamed Hetty, springing forward, white and agitated. "I have a word to say before you go."

Mrs. Chilton swung back again with an angry snort.

"Then speak, little fool.

"I *will* speak. Good God, how could I have remained silent so long? I have ceased to be your tool, and I will speak. The horrible oath you made me take, shall not silence my tongue another instant. I break it the instant you are gone—and tell this poor child what I know of the iniquity that has been going on here. I break my oath, and may He who reigns above judge between you and me."

She raised her hand to Heaven in a wild, impressive gesture. Mrs. Chilton glared furiously at her a moment, then burst into a sneering laugh.

"Reveal whatever you please, idiot. Much good may it do you."

"Then you absolve me from my oath?"

"Yes."

Hetty fell back again, sobbing like a child.

"Thank you for that," she said, faintly. "I need not be a hypocrite any longer. I need not be a traitor to the purest, best woman that ever lived!"

She flung her arms about Claudia's trembling figure, and clung there as if she never meant to let go.

"Leave us!" she commanded, lifting her glittering eyes to Mrs. Chilton's face. "From this moment, Claudia and I are one. Whatever peril awaits her I shall share. We live or die together. Do your worst."

The wicked woman drew a step or two nearer, scowling furiously into the pale, beautiful faces of the two girls. Then she suddenly paused.

"Melodramatic, very," she sneered. "No matter. Words cost nothing. Put your two traitorous heads together if you will. You can accomplish nothing by it. You are utterly at our mercy."

With this parting shot she went out, closing and locking the door behind her.

The two forlorn captives looked into each other's eyes.

"God help us," said Hetty.

"He will," murmured Claudia.

Minutes went by, and they still sat clasped tightly in each other's arms.

"You will forgive me that I was not true to you from the first?" Hetty whispered, presently. "I could not help myself. Those wretches compelled me to act as I did."

"Of course I forgive you."

"Wait. You do not know what you have to forgive, as yet."

"No matter. I trust you, Hetty."

"Listen. Let me tell you the worst at once. I have longed to do so a thousand times. But my oath! You know I could not break that—I dared not!"

"I understand," said Claudia, soothingly. "Now go on."

In a low, tremulous voice Hetty began her story. She told everything, from first to last—how Lamont had enticed her from New York; how she had met James Chilton and compelled him to believe that she was his niece; how she had fallen deeper and deeper into the net of the villains who surrounded her, and had finally been compelled to take that fearful oath that had sealed her lips up to the present moment.

Claudia listened calmly enough until James Chilton's name was mentioned. Then she started up with a sudden, sharp cry.

"My Uncle James!" she exclaimed, "has he really been here—and to see me?"

"He has been here."

"And I never knew it. Oh, Hetty!"

"It was very wicked of me to keep it to myself. But I dared not tell you."

"Yes, yes. No matter. Tell me how he looked, and what he said to you."

"He is a noble man, Claudia, I am sure of it. You could trust him. He came on purpose to learn if you were happy here, and justice was being done you."

"Oh, dear Uncle James!"

"I know he was only too anxious to offer his protection. If you could get away from this house, and go to him, you would be safe."

"I know it—I know it, with a wild burst of emotion. "But, how am I ever to find him?"

"I can find him for you."

"You?"

"Yes," cried Hetty, almost hysterically. "See;" and she drew a small card from the bosom of her dress. "He gave me this before he went away."

"His address?"

"Yes. I've kept it hidden next my heart ever since that dreadful day when I met him. I knew the time would come when it would be of service."

"Oh, Hetty, if we could only escape and go to him!"

"We are going to try, you know, to-night."

They kissed each other, smiling their best. The address on the card was No. 56 Blank Hotel, New York. They could easily find the place when they were once at liberty.

Claudia did not comment much upon it, now that the treachery of her relatives was made manifest. It was too sore a subject to discuss very freely. She only said:

"They must have laid their plans well, Hetty. And I do not think they wished you and me to become such good friends. They told me you were crazy."

Hetty shuddered. "And you believed them, Claudia?"

"No, I could not. I merely thought they were mistaken—not bad, not treacherous, not deceivers!"

Night came on slowly. It dropped its black, pall-like mantle over earth, shutting out sky and landscape, and filling the gloomy room with shadows and darkness.

Sitting there in the dread silence, with her hand clasped lovingly in Claudia's, Hetty thought suddenly of Jane Burke.

That strange old woman could open their prison doors, perhaps. Would she? Was she likely to make her appearance at all this night?

Hetty waited and listened until long after midnight, hoping to hear her step in the passage. But there came no such welcome interruption.

The silence that stole over the hour seemed profound as that of the grave.

At last she rose up. "We have no time to lose if we expect to escape to-night," she said, in a strange, shrill whisper that startled herself.

Claudia crept up beside her, and clung trembling to her arm.

"What are your plans?" she asked.

"The window is not more than twenty feet from the ground—is it?"

"No."

"Then we can make a rope out of these bedclothes, and slide down it to the walk below."

"What then?"

"I don't know," was answered with a groan. "We must trust the Lord to take us safely beyond the lawn gates. It's a risk we are running. Shall we venture?"

"Yes, yes—a thousand times—yes," cried Claudia.

She tore off the draperies from the bed, and began to knot them with her own hands. It was but the work of a few minutes. When everything was ready, Hetty secured one end of the rope to the bedstead, and with the other in her hand, approached the window.

"I will go first," she whispered, "and warn you of any danger."

The sash slid up noiselessly, and she dropped the rope over the window ledge, and was climbing over it herself, when a step on the gravel walk below caused her to draw back quickly.

"What's up?" called a gruff voice.

At the same instant the light of a dark lantern flashed along the wall. Hetty tried frantically to draw in the rope before it was seen, but she was too late.

"About to try your wings, eh?" muttered the same voice, and this time she distinctly saw the man's burly figure who carried the lantern. "You'd better not. You'd find your wings clipped sooner than you imagine. Take my advice and go to bed."

Then he threw himself upon the grass under the window, and remained perfectly still.

Hetty drew back with a cry of despair.

"We can do nothing to-night!" she sobbed, and hid her face in Claudia's bosom.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE MARK UPON HETTY'S ARM.

Mrs. Chilton came up-stairs the next morning. She looked paler and harsher than ever, though she made no allusion to anything that had occurred during the night.

"There is your breakfast," she said, setting down the tray she carried. "I am sure you ought to do justice to it, for you had no dinner or supper yesterday."

Neither Claudia nor Hetty replied to her.

"Sullen, eh?" she muttered, turning sharply upon them. "Humph! That isn't a bad sign. Sulky people generally come round, and so will you."

Then she caught Claudia roughly by the arm, and eyeing her horribly all round, she added—

"You've had a night in which to come to your senses. Shall I send for Reginald?"

Claudia coldly shook her head.

"No? You haven't given your obstinacy full play, yet? Poor fool. Take care you do do not try our patience too severely."

"Try your patience?"

"Yes," angrily. "What else are you doing now? We can force you to comply with our wishes, and we will do it, too, unless you mend your ways more rapidly than you are doing now."

Claudia sprang to her side, and caught eagerly at her dress.

"Oh, aunt, *dear* aunt," she cried, in a wild and piteous voice, "why do you persecute me so? Why do you drive me to despair?"

"Because you are a little fool, and will not look after your own present and future good," said Mrs. Chilton, retreating and beating off the imploring hands.

"What do you want? Tell my *why* I must marry Reginald."

There was no answer save a low laugh from the wicked woman.

"Is it my money you are after?"

Silence, still.

"It *is* my money—I know it is!" shrieked Claudia. "Take it—take every penny. Only leave me free to go away from this frightful place."

"Take your money?" cried Mrs. Chilton, in a passion. "Are we a pack of fools? We can only get your money through you. That is the safe way, and the only safe way."

"My God!"

"Now hold your tongue, and keep away from me. I don't wish to see you again, I don't wish to speak to you until you are ready to take Reginald for your husband. Who are *you* that you should reject him? Bah! I have no patience with such folly."

She stamped angrily out of the room, and the poor captives were alone once more.

"It will come to that, sooner or later," murmured Claudia, faintly. "I must listen to these wretches, and do as they bid me."

"Never!" cried Hetty, resolutely. "We will defy them to the last."

"And then?"

"Then we can die together."

"They do not seek your life."

"I am not sure of that. I begin to think, of late, that they fear and dread me for some reason."

"Fear you?"

"Yes. It's a strange term to use, but it expresses what I mean. And I don't understand it any more than you. Perhaps they have found out more about me than I have ever known myself."

"About your parentage, you mean?"

"Yes. I never knew my own early history. It's an odd suspicion—but I cannot banish it from my mind—that your uncle, Eustace Chilton, has discovered who and what I am."

"Impossible," cried Claudia, with a start.

"I am sure of it. Several circumstances have occurred to strengthen the conviction."

She did not tell what they were, however, or allude in any manner to the conversations she had had with Jane Burke.

The hours wore on, and early in the afternoon Mrs. Chilton made her appearance for the second time.

On this occasion she went straight up to Hetty and looked at her with a most horrible leer.

"Guess why I am here now," she muttered.

"I don't know. Some new villainy has been planned, perhaps."

"Guess again," sneered Mrs. Chilton.

Hetty dropped her eyes, and said nothing.

"You won't? Then let me tell my errand without further preface. Roll up your sleeve, my lady."

To Hetty's wild stare the wicked woman replied with a low, blood-curdling laugh.

"What do you mean?"

"Roll up your sleeve," she repeated. "The right sleeve. I wish to see your arm."

Hetty caught her breath sharply, and grew white as a corpse.

"I will not!"

Mrs. Chilton clenched her hand as if tempted to strike the daring girl. "You won't, eh?" she hissed. We will see about that."

She retreated to the door and flung it open.

"Tabitha," she called, "I want you."

A heavy, overgrown housemaid, with a very coarse, masculine face came stalking into the room. She had evidently been waiting in the passage. She closed and locked the door, and slipped the key into her pocket.

"That was well, Tabitha," said her mistress. "Now roll up that obstinate girl's sleeve for me."

Hetty grew paler than before, though her eyes flashed fire at this fresh indignity. But she caught an appealing glance from Claudia, and so commanded herself.

"Don't touch me," she said, scornfully waiving off the housemaid. "I submit."

"Changed your mind, eh?" sneered Mrs. Chilton, coarsely.

"Yes."

She retreated a step or two and slowly turned back the sleeve from her beautifully rounded arm.

Mrs. Chilton watched her eagerly. "That will do," she cried, presently, and pounced upon her, seizing the exposed member in her long, thin hands, and eagerly scanning the fleshy part just above the elbow.

A low cry escaped her lips, and her face darkened strangely as she gazed.

Upon the soft, velvety skin, distinctly visible, she saw a small, crescent-shaped scar!

"It is there!" she muttered.

"What? The scar?" interrogated Hetty, coolly. "Yes, it is there."

Mrs. Chilton looked hard at her.

"I did not mean that at all," she answered, boldly.

"I beg your pardon, but I think you did mean that."

"Nonsense!" cried the woman, with a snarl of rage. "What is there in a simple little scar like that to interest me? Nothing—I repeat—nothing. But you may tell me how you got it if you like."

"I don't know."

Mrs. Chilton's cold eyes seemed to be trying to read her through and through.

"You don't know?" she repeated.

Hetty shook her head. "It has been there ever since I can remember. I have no idea what caused it."

She had often been curious upon the subject herself. The instant Mrs. Chilton had asked to look at her arm, she guessed for what purpose.

Her last doubt was now at rest. These wretches into whose hands she had fallen *did* know her true parentage.

They also knew of the existence of the scar, and had now assured themselves of her identity by means of it.

Thus ran, with lightning-like rapidity, her thoughts. She was suddenly aroused from them by a slight scream from Claudia, who had run eagerly to the window.

"A carriage!" she shrieked, wildly.—"There's a carriage stopping before the door."

Hetty darted quickly to her side, and looked out.

Sure enough, there stood a handsome carriage in the gravel-drive below.

Even as Hetty glanced down at it, she saw a gentleman cross the path, and lift his hat from his brow for a moment, as he turned to speak to somebody who had followed him from the house, before stepping into the carriage.

At that instant Hetty recognized him.

"It is your Uncle James!" she screamed. "Stop him! Don't let him go away!"

"My Uncle James?" repeated Claudia, stupidly.

"Yes, James Chilton! For God's sake call him back."

She tried to scream to him, but could not. Her voice was only a gasp that could not be heard outside the room. Maddened with anguish and despair, she caught hold of the window-sash and began to rattle it with all her might.

In vain, all in vain.

James Chilton stepped quickly into his carriage. At the same moment the burly housemaid seized her from behind, and dragged her back from the window.

The solid ground seemed to be slipping from underneath her feet.

"Let me go," she pleaded in vain and prolonged agony, finding faint utterance at last. "Oh, let me go."

She might as well have appealed to a rock. Tabitha's grip upon her arm was like a vice, and she had grown weak and helpless as a little child.

Looking round, she caught a glimpse of Claudia struggling vainly in Mrs. Chilton's clutches.

The convulsed face of the wicked woman was awful to look upon. The horrible picture swam before Hetty's eyes. She threw up her arms wildly, and fell in a dead faint upon the floor.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WITH A WILL OF HER OWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

A look of proud pleasure came into Nellie Leigh's bright eyes as she bowed and cast a smile to Arthur Ashe, who was just passing the window.

"Isn't he handsome, mamma?" she said, "and so brave and good."

"I haven't the slightest doubt of it," responded Mrs. Leigh, who was embroidering some very elaborate article of uselessness, the design of which was understood to be a rose "in full blooming," but which bore quite an much resemblance to a very red cabbage, or a full moon with the scarlet fever, "I haven't the slightest doubt of it, and so distinguished and wealthy. Really, my dear, I couldn't keep my eyes off those exquisitely-fitting lemon-colored gloves he wore last night. They say—"

"What do you mean, mother? He hasn't any money that I know of, and he never wears lemon-colored gloves or any nonsense of that sort."

"Gracious, my dear," said Mrs. Leigh in an injured tone. "I am not *wholly* blind. I saw the gloves, and they say he's the owner of an immense fortune."

"He must have come into it very lately then. Why only yesterday Arthur was wishing he had a thousand a year, and he said—that is, he looked—" Nellie stopped and colored.

"Arthur! What Arthur? Arthur Ashe, I suppose!" exclaimed Mrs. Leigh, indignantly. "I wasn't talking of *him*. Everybody knows he's a poor clerk, and that he doesn't earn more than five hundred a year. I *was* talking of Mr. Montgomery de Vere Brown."

Nellie shrugged her shoulders at the name, saying in a tone that expressed the very essence of indifference.

"Oh, Mr. Brown! We met him at the Clare's last night. From Philadelphia, I think—isn't he? But there are so many Browns."

"Really, Nellie, I *am* surprised. Is it possible that you cannot have noticed the marked attentions of that distinguished stranger?" Mrs. Leigh demanded solemnly. "He gazed at you through his gold-mounted spectacles the whole evening."

"He was exceedingly impertinent, then. I wish Arthur had been there."

"Oh, Mr. Ashe—Arthur as you call him, is not in society, and of course wasn't invited."

Snubville was an unfortunate little village. Its inhabitants were chiefly of two classes—the first consisted of snobs, and the second of snobs. The first were pretentious vulgarians who looked down on the second; the second were vulgarians who were too poor to be pretentious, but who envied those of the first-class. The former were "in society;" the latter were not. Mrs. Leigh was of the first; her daughter, of neither.

"Not invited! He was fortunate then. If there is anything I dislike it's a shabby genteel party, and the Clare's was one."

"You are unladylike, my dear—not to say violent," said Mrs. Leigh, severely. "You will be calling your own family 'shabby genteel' next, I presume. How shocking!"

"We are shabby genteel, mother. Don't I give music lessons on the sly? Don't we always keep the parlor darkened so that the carpet won't show how much it is worn? And don't we go through many shabby manœuvres to make people think we are not poor? I hate shams!"

Mrs. Leigh burst into tears, and wiped her face on the half-completed scarlet rose the color of which having been warranted "to wash," accordingly dyed her nose, giving her anything but the appearance of a strict member of the Snubville Temperance Society.

Nellie threw her arms around her mother's neck, and begged pardon, which Mrs. Leigh granted, saying—

"But, my dear, if Mr. Montgomery de Vere Brown should ever ask you to be his wife, you must say yes, for we *are* awfully poor. Your music scholars are growing fewer and fewer since the new Academy has set up on the hill."

Nellie kissed her mother, and looked thoughtful.

When Mr. Montgomery Brown called that evening, Nellie condescended to be gracious, and even to listen patiently to his long stories of Parisian life—for he despised everything American, having actually "done" France in two weeks.

"Believe me, Miss Leigh, we have much to learn from the French," he said, twirling his blonde moustache, "they have mastered the theory and practice of the *cuisine;* and if a nation doesn't eat, Miss Leigh, how can it live? It's my opinion that in the recent war, the Germans fought well, because death was preferable to life and their coarse fare of sausage and sour-kraut," Mr. Brown shuddered, and continued, "I agree with you, that all French literature is corrupt—"

"You have mistaken me, Mr. Brown, I said nothing so unjust. Having read Mrs. Craven, Saint Germain, De la Mothe, Eugénie de Guerin, and many others, I know that France has a literature as high-toned as any in the world."

This took Mr. Brown beyond his depth. Standing near the piano, he began the treble of an opera air.

"Pretty," commented Nellie, "from Martha."

"Can't say," responded Mr. Brown, "but I think I heard it in the opera of Libretto—at least, it was so called in a pamphlet I bought at the door." Nellie turned her face away

The truth was, Mr. Montgomery de Vere Brown was the son of a foolish mother, which implies that nearly all the good qualities of his nature had evaporated during his "bringing up." His bad traits had never been many, so he had developed into a good-natured simpleton.

His visits to the Leigh house grew frequent. He found them pleasant, for Nellie knew how to punctuate his long stories with bright smiles and pretty glances. I fear that maiden was something of a coquette; but remember, censorious reader, that she had a mother to provide for, and that Mr. Brown was the only unappropriated eligible *parti* in the town.

People began to talk, and one day Arthur Ashe heard Nellie Leigh spoken of as the future Mrs. Brown.

There existed no open engagement between Nellie and Arthur; but silence has a language of its own, and these two understood each other just as well as if they had talked of love for ages.

Arthur was a cheerful, true-hearted fellow, with a brave, generous spirit—somewhat careless, perhaps, and not given to much thought—but time would mend that. He went to Nellie, and spoke out in plain words.

"It cannot be," said matter-of-fact Nellie in words as plain. "If I were free to choose a husband, I would"—and Nellie blushed, speaking softly—"I would choose you. As it is, I have another to think of; therefore, I intend to marry a richer man. There's no use in disguising it," Nellie began to cry, "and I hate shams!"

Arthur expostulated, entreated, threatened to challenge Brown, called Nellie a "mercenary flirt," but Nellie remained cool and immovable. Angry and miserable Arthur hastened on the wings of steam to Marlbrook—a plain-looking town, which had the honor of reckoning Miss Emelina Wharton among its inhabitants.

Miss Emelina was an old maid, who worthily filled the position of consoler-in-chief to everybody in the vicinity. She was Nellie's aunt, and like that young lady, had a will of her own. Miss Emelina was supposed to be rich; but as it was generally known that she intended to leave all her money for the formation of a society for the suppression of pianos, Nellie cherished no expectations. Miss Emelina was thought to have great influence with her niece, and it was well known that Mrs. Leigh trembled at the sound of her voice.

Miss Emelina listened to Arthur's short story without interrupting more than twenty times.

"Go home, young man, and rest tranquil," she said. "I'll send for her and keep her under *my* eye. She shall never marry that yellow-haired fool of a Brown, if I can prevent it. She'll marry some other fool, no doubt—I hope I'm not too personal, young man—but I won't have a nephew-in-law with an eye-glass, who talks American-French on every occasion. No, sir! Miss Emelina shook her stiff gray curls and grew energetic. "She wants money, does she? Well, I may have to sacrifice some of mine, for if pianos and piano-stools were suppressed they'd bring up some other infernal nuisances—I beg pardon, young man—for breaking girl's backs, wasting time and torturing people with sensitive ears."

Arthur went away comforted

"You'd better go, my love," said Mrs. Leigh, when Aunt Emelina's invitation arrived for Nellie, "and, my dear, don't provoke your aunt, but obey her in everything. I *do* hope she won't take a dislike to that nice Mr. Brown!"

While Nellie was at her aunt's house, Mr. Brown called several times, but was refused admittance. Mr. Brown, usually rather mild, grew bold and fiery, and felt that he would not hesitate to struggle with unheard-of dangers in order to see the object of his affections. Day after day he strolled past the house that contained the lady of his thoughts. He wore his gorgeous apparel and assorted neckties in vain. Miss Emelina's hard heart declined to be softened.

One day Nellie and he met in the street, and he proposed that she should elope with him from the stronghold of the she-dragon. Nellie laughed at the proposition, and then promised to think of it.

Nellie said to herself: "I'll have to marry him some time; let the worst come to the worst, and the sooner the better." So she consented. The plan was this: Mrs. Leigh and a lady friend were to come to Malbrook on a certain night. They were to meet Mr. Brown and Nellie in a church. Here the marriage was to take place. Nellie put all this in a letter to her mother, and her mother wrote such a darkly mysterious epistle to Aunt Emelina, that that astute lady, to use her own expression, "smelt a rat," and forced her sister to reveal the plot. Arthur Ashe received the following telegram:

"Come to Malbrook immediately. Business of importance. EMELINA WHARTON."

Arthur accordingly hastened to Malbrook.

That night a carriage stopped not far from Miss Wharton's door. Mr. Brown stepped out, and tapped lightly at the basement door. The door opened, and a voice whispered, "Come in." This was not in the programme, but he obeyed. A hand was extended, he felt sure it was Nellie's. He was led a few steps forward into a room, then a door closed upon him, and he heard the key turn in the lock. What did this mean? He asked the question aloud a dozen times. It remained unanswered.

While he was thus imprisoned, Nellie stole from the house, feeling much like giving up the elopement. A cloaked figure met her at the top of the steps.

"Mr Brown?" she asked, tremulously.

There was no reply. Nellie hesitated, and asked herself, What was the use of getting married in this clandestine way? It would certainly be more womanly to avow her intention to her aunt, and then proceed in open daylight; but would Mr. Brown have the courage to face her aunt's outspoken displeasure?

"Nellie!" spoke a voice, proceeding from the cloaked figure.

Nellie started.

"Arthur—Mr. Ashe, why are you here?"

Arthur laughed.

"Well, the cat's out of the bag. Your aunt's secret is a secret no longer, and I am discovered to be myself."

"You will oblige me by speaking plainly," said Nellie, coldly.

"Your aunt sent for me on the plea of business of importance. I came—only to discover that the business consists in acting as your companion in a ride of a few squares—a very pleasant affair, however. She likewise enigmatically insisted that I should remain incognito; what the incomprehensible woman means, I know not."

"And did she tell you nothing else?" demanded Nellie, blushing under the cover of darkness, and rashly judging that Mr. Brown had betrayed his design, and then basely deserted her.

"No. I am puzzled; but perhaps you can explain?"

Nellie felt relieved. She saw into Aunt Emelina's motive, and grew indignant at the thought of being decoyed into a marriage with Arthur. She turned from him, intending to re-enter the house.

"Nellie," he said, "I have good news to tell you. There is now no obstacle in the way of your being my wife. Your aunt has appointed me manager of her city property, at a salary of two thousand dollars a year."

A vision of a happy future life arose be-

fore Nelly. Her mother would be provided for—and yet she could marry the man she loved! No thought of Mr. Brown came into her mind; her heart leaped with joy.

"Before we start, Nellie, let me know your answer?"

She answered by placing her hand within his arm.

"Where did my aunt tell you to take me?"

"To —— Church."

She allowed him to assist her into the carriage—and they both thought it the shortest ride they had ever enjoyed.

Arriving at the church, they found Mrs. Leigh and Aunt Emelina awaiting them. Mrs. Leigh seemed nervous and uneasy. Aunt Emelina cool and smiling in anticipation of a triumph.

The church was dimly lighted. Aunt Emelina imagined that she was deeply versed in human nature; she was always ready to tell you what any person would do, if placed in a certain position. "I don't believe she knows him yet, and, if she finds him out before the ceremony's over, she won't have the courage to refuse to marry him." Thus the astute lady thought, congratulating herself on the success of her stratagem.

The clergyman appeared with his assistants. Arthur and Nellie advanced, and were made man and wife.

"I congratulate you, my dear niece, on having married the right person by mistake," said Aunt Emelina, kissing Nellie.

Much to her aunt's astonishment, that young lady quietly smiled.

When Miss Wharton reached home, she went to the coal-cellar to apologize to Mr. Montgomery de Vere Brown, who had been locked up in that unpleasant place by her order. He received her explanation so meekly, and treated her with such deference, (he was dreadfully afraid of her,) as to create a very favorable impression.

About a month afterward, it was rumored that Miss Emelina was about to become Mrs. Montgomery de V. Brown; but Mr. Brown does not remember whether he or she "popped the question;" however, he is generally spoken of as "Poor Mr. Brown," as if he had been married in spite of himself.

MARA;

OR,

THE GIRL WITHOUT REFERENCES.

IV.

I cannot describe how we went down to the police-station; for, of all the events of that hideous night, this is the only episode which has left no trace in my memory. We seemed to have flown to the station. It was a place of the usual chilly, depressing sort. White-washed walls, forms fastened to these walls by iron clamps, a wicket door leading to the cells, and a railed-off space, behind which sat an inspector having a desk before him, and behind him a fireplace, over the shelf of which hung handcuffs and a truncheon, in guise of ornaments. The whole place was pervaded by that odor which is diffused by the blue-cloth dye of policemen's tunics. The inspector was quiet and respectful. On finding he had gentlemen to do with, he appeared to set light store by the charge. He did not consider his prisoner innocent; but he seemed to think it a matter of course that the charge should be withdrawn, and he opposed no difficulty whatever to Halsey's seeing his wife, who had not been placed in a cell, but in a private room of the inspector's own, pending information about her. I, of course, left Halsey to go in alone; and, when the inspector had returned, I questioned him about the charge. It was then I discovered for the first time how much deeper than mere friendship were my feelings for Mara, since all the inspector said was powerless to shake, even for a single moment, my faith in her guilelessness.

The facts were these: Mrs. Halsey had gone to a jeweller's to whom she was unknown, and had asked for a key to her watch. Seeing she looked "respectable," the jeweller had, whilst fitting the keys, begged her to examine a tray of rings. At this juncture came in a woman poorly dressed, presumably a confederate, who requested to be shown a cheap eight-day clock, and then said something in a low voice to Mrs. Halsey, who answered her. The jeweller, not liking the appearance of the second customer, put down the watch-keys he was holding, and at once lifted down the eight-day clock, keeping his eyes sharply fixed on the woman as he did so. She reddened, made some excuse about the clock being too large, and without waiting to be shown another, hastily left the shop. Then the jeweller said to Mrs. Halsey, "I think we're well rid of her, ma'am; she seemed up to no good." To which Mrs. Halsey replied, "I saw no harm in her," or words to that effect. The jeweller was surprised, but added nothing. Mrs. Halsey paid for her watch-key and went out. Then the jeweller, on inspecting his ring-tray, perceived that three valuable diamond rings had been abstracted. He ran after Mara, overtook her, gave her in charge to a policeman, and had her led back to his shop, where the pocket of her dress was searched, and the three rings found in it.

This is what the inspector said; and the policeman who had arrested Mara—not the one who had called to tell us of her arrest—described the finding of the rings, "just at the top of the pocket, lying on the handkerchief." According to him—a policeman of the emphatically speculative and dull sort—it was proof conclusive of his prisoner's guilt, that, though she had shown herself "cool and brazen enough" when first taxed with the theft, she no sooner saw the rings drawn from her pocket than she clasped her hands in frenzy, and implored the jeweller not to proceed against her. She said she would buy the rings and give him money besides. She behaved like a mad thing, and ended by throwing herself on her knees and crying that she was innocent, and that she had not put the rings there, and that, if he prosecuted her, he would never forgive himself for the calamities he had caused. The jeweller answered this by asking her whether she knew the other woman who had come into the shop. At first she refused to reply; but on being pressed, and told that if she made a clean breast of it she might perhaps be forgiven, she acknowledged that she did know the woman, but could say nothing about her. By "couldn't," she clearly meant "wouldn't;" so the jeweller said it was plain they were confederates, and had her locked up.

The inspector inquired whether the lady was a sister of mine. On my negative gesture, he remarked dryly that cases of this sort were frequent, though so few of them were made public. It was kleptomania. Some ladies could not resist the temptation of jewelry. They were not thieves in other respects; but they stole, like magpies, because of the glitter, and did not appear to understand the wrong of it until they got into trouble of this sort.

At this moment Halsey returned. He was wan, and looked as if he had aged ten years in two hours; but he was collected. "This is some horrible mistake," he said, drawing me aside. "I thought at first Mara might have taken up the rings to examine them, and put them in her pocket without thinking of what she was doing. She has not been quite herself of late. You recollect that absent, nervous look that fell on her about the time of our marriage. It disappeared afterwards; but, now I call it to mind, her manner during the past fortnight has been something like what it was then; and people in absent moods, you know, will do the strangest things. But Mara has no recollection of having touched the jewelry; and she cannot conjecture how the rings came into her pocket. This might be accounted for, however, by her commotion of mind after that inhuman tradesman's conduct. Go and see the fellow, will you? I could not trust myself to speak calmly to him. Tell him that everything will be made right. We will buy the rings, if he likes. Explain that Mara is in delicate health—critically delicate, and bring him back with you at once, to withdraw the charge. I shall, of course, wait by Mara till you return. I will try and get her to sleep."

I set off at once for the jeweller's, who was one Mowleson, a much-respected man, as the inspector told me. My view of all this frightful business was Halsey's. I was convinced that Mara had unconsciously taken up the rings and dropped them into her pocket in one of her abstracted moments. So the woman who had entered the shop and spoken to her, I was sure must be simply a beggar, and that her suspicious looks, her seeming acquaintanceship with Mara, and the other suppositions about her, were so many phantoms of the policeman's and the jeweller's brains. The streets were carpeted with a December frost as I walked, and though it was nine, and I had not eaten since mid-day, I did not feel hunger. I was for getting the matter concluded out of hand, that Mara might return to her home and her child. But I reckoned without Mowleson.

His shutters were being put up as I arrived; and he was standing in his doorway, this much-respected man, discussing the day's event with some other local tradesmen, his neighbors. I had scarcely set eyes on him than I felt a weight at the heart; for his was a face that spoke hopelessness to any appeal at compassion. He and Butts, the Sandbeach gossip, must have been cast in the same moulds. His hard head was like a paving-stone, and his eyes had no color in them. As to his business, he was in the condition of wanting to rent a villa in the country, to go to of a Sunday; and if he could make any lucky stroke of trade, such as being advertised in all the papers in connection with some startling occurrence, his desires might be attainable. He invited me into his shop, but not into his parlor, and after hearing me state my errand, answered aloud, so that the other tradesmen might hear and be induced to come and listen to the moral dialogue, that he had made up his mind to prosecute on "public grounds." He pronounced "public" as if there were at least three p's to it. A policeman had come to tell him the thief arrested was Mrs. Halsey, a lady; but this was reason the more. There should be no difference between rich and poor in the apportionment of justice. (Here a quotation from Scripture.) Besides there had been many jewel robberies of late; and jewellers were bound to stand by each other. This was Mowleson's opinion.

The other tradesmen assented, glad for once to have a lady's honor under the heels of their commercial boots, and so press it out of shape with stampings of Scriptural jargon and counter-board aphorisms. Possibly none of these men would have been wholly callous if argued with separately; but they held together. The much-respected Mowleson declined to see me in private; and if I found a plea that seemed to touch one of the number, it was triumphantly rebutted by the rest, who were only vulnerable on some other point. I made myself humble with these men. I flattered them. I sounded, one by one, all the chords by which men can be moved—interest, vanity, commiseration; but it served nothing. Though my tongue faltered in the end, at the thought of what Mara was about to suffer, and though I could not restrain some tears from welling up into my eyes, as I said, "God forgive you, gentlemen, more freely than you forgive!" there was not one of my hearers but seemed persuaded that the kingdom of Heaven would be his if he only remained thus steadfast in denying pity. After I had prayed and pleaded for two hours, the much-respected Mowleson put an end to the controversy by saying crisply, "I deeply regret being obliged to perform a painful duty, but my mind is made up; besides, I have already put the case into the hands of my solicitors;" and he mentioned a firm of attorneys for whom sending people to jail was as daily meat is to other persons.

With what feelings I returned to the police-station need not be told. There were two tattered and drunken women who had just been brought in when I came back; and the inspector, who was entering the charge against them, excused himself civilly for not showing me to the room where Halsey was. He gave me verbal directions where to find it. I threaded a corridor leading to the private part of the station, and came to the door that stood slightly ajar. I pushed it softly, and saw Mara lying on a bed, with a great-coat, which a kindly policeman had lent, thrown over her feet. The regularity of her breathing told that she was asleep. Halsey was seated by the bedside, holding one of her hands between his. There was no light in the room but the flicker of a small fire in the grate.

I whispered Halsey's name. He looked up, pressed a kiss on his wife's hand, and laid it gently on the bed. Then he stole toward me on tiptoe.

"Well?"

My looks told him more than my words.

"The man won't withdraw the charge, Halsey; but it will break down in court, no courage!"

He remained silent some moments.

"Well," said he, when he had rallied from the blow—"well, if you have not succeeded, I should not have done so; and, after all, it doesn't much matter. The affair must have become public, since Mara was arrested in the streets, and so many tradesmen and our own servants know all about it. It is best that the facts should be set forth in full truth, so that no false rumors may be hinted. Mara will be committed for trial. We shall bail her out to-morrow; and of course any jury will acquit her: then we shall go and live abroad. I shall rely upon you, old fellow, to take all the steps for the defence. Be Mara's counsel, and see my solicitor about it early to-morrow. Then you'll have to call on my brother-in-law, and telegraph to Merry respecting bail. I'll only mix up firm friends in this business. Good-night. I shall remain by Mara. You see she's sleeping. She actually entreated me to forgive her! Forgive her! good God! as if I had anything to forgive her!"

Next day, after the night charges had been disposed of at the district police-court, Mara Halsey, aged twenty-eight, was indicted for stealing three rings, value seventy-five pounds, the property of Jabez Mowleson. Halsey had not left his wife all the night; and he had driven with her in the cab from the station, a policeman in plain clothes merely sitting on the box. At the court she was not put in the common room with the other prisoners. The magistrate, who knew Halsey, gave orders that she should be shown to his private apartment until the case was called; and he spared her the indignity of the dock, directing her to sit on a chair in front of it, Halsey being placed to the right of her, and myself, with Halsey's solicitor, to the left. She had smiled sadly to me, and held out her little hand on meeting me in the court, as if to thank me for not doubting her. I suppose Halsey had told her that I had looked heart-broken on returning from my unsuccessful embassy to the jeweller's the evening before, and that I had spent all the night in consultation with solicitors and barristers, whom I had roused from their beds, to plan how this unholy charge might be frustrated. I had even thought it binding to advise Halsey in the morning to call in counsel of standing, so that no chance should be missed through my want of experience or skill. But to this he had replied vigorously, "No: there is no counsel like a friend. You shall defend her before the magistrate and before the jury. If you cannot save her, no hired advocacy would." And in this instance I think he was right.

The court was full to choking. It is a mystery how certain things get about in a way to convoke of a sudden all the people one least expects to meet. There had been no paragraph about the affair in the papers; and yet the bench and the counsel's part of the court were crowded with men—barristers, Oxford men, and others who had heard of the matter the first thing in the morning, Heaven only knows how. It was, however, an audience sympathetic toward Mara. Nobody, not being a middle-aged Pharisee devoted to business pursuits, respectability, and vestry interests, could gaze unmoved at the child-faced prisoner who nestled close to her husband, and shivered from shame at her position, but whose features bore no trace of guilt. The magistrate seemed really touched, though he had a right to be unimpressionable *ex officio;* and, when the prosecuting attorney opened the case, he frowned at him not very impartially.

The depositions were brief. The respected Mowleson reiterated all we knew; but I succeeded in eliciting the following points: First, that Mara had not asked to be shown the rings or any other trinkets; second, that the woman who came in and spoke to Mara might very well have passed for a beggar, being poorly clad; third, that Mara had shown no undue precipitation in leaving the shop; and that when overtaken and brought back she had not offered any resistance, verbal or otherwise, to her pockets being searched. This last fact was borne out by the policeman, who had stated that the prisoner had at first seemed more surprised than alarmed at the charge, and *had herself held her pocket open for him to dip his hand into.* It was only when the rings were discovered that her demeanor had changed, and that she had become as if crazy.

I had purposely refrained in my cross-examination from adopting offensive tones toward the jeweller. This answers in cases where barristers' tongues only and not their hearts are in their work. I had been minute in my questions but conciliatory, hoping no longer to get the charge withdrawn by an appeal to sentiment, but trusting I might honestly convince Mowleson that our defence was a just one, and that there had been no intentional theft. It seemed now as if my method were going to succeed. Mowleson had been surprised, then evidently disconcerted by the hostility of all the faces around him. Maybe he had relied upon receiving a compliment from the magistrate upon his integrity in not suffering the ends of justice to be defeated. Not getting the compliment, it appeared to strike him suddenly that he might be doing himself more commercial harm than good by his stubbornness; and this disquieting thought seemed to lead him to the reflection, that perhaps after all his suspicions were unfounded, and that the whole thing was an unlucky mishap. I summed up the evidence, addressing myself more to him than to the magistrate, and pointing out with all the temper I could command that there had been nothing in Mrs. Halsey's manner to show criminal intention; that she was above want, that she had more trinkets at home than she ever cared to wear, and that her having unconsciously put the rings into her pocket was the only conclusion in accordance with charity and sense.

"Yes," assented the magistrate, "it does not seem to me, Mr. Mowleson, that there was anything intentional here. It strikes me this is a case of absence of mind."

Mowleson's paving-stone head appeared to have come round, by degrees, and from public influence, to the same notion. He conferred with his attorney; and, though the latter held good from professional instinct, the jeweller was evidently not being swayed by him. In another minute the charge was about to be withdrawn; and I already heaved a sigh of gratitude and relief, rising, and preparing to escort Mara out of court. Feeling she was about to be freed, she turned and beamed a look of thankfulness upon me.

Then this is what happened.

To the left of me, and within the bar, behind which stood the public, there had been sitting a woman, dressed plainly, but with great neatness. She had cold features and keen eyes, and she appeared to hold some official position, for her place was one where solicitors usually sat. It seemed to me that I had seen her before in other courts; and I had a notion she was a prison matron. Once or twice during the case I had noticed her lean forward, and try to get a view of Mara's features; but Mara being on a line with her, and in some degree screened by me, she had not succeeded. Just as I had risen, however, persuaded that everything was at an end, this woman stood up again, and leaned right forward. I had just turned to Mara, and was smiling back the thankful look she had cast me, when in one second her features grew fixed into appalling rigidity, as if petrified. She half rose, as if going to fly, then sank back overwhelmed, and trembling from head to foot as though in an ague. I faced round, and saw a smile flit over the cold woman's thin lips. She whispered to a policeman.

The policeman, with an amazed expression, said, "Your worship, the head matron of the —— Penitentiary, is in court, and says she can identify the lady."

A thunderbolt falling through the roof could not have occasioned a more general start; but in an instant there was a lull. All eyes turned toward the matron; and one could have heard a raindrop fall.

"I request that the matron may be sworn," I demanded, scarcely knowing what I said.

The matron was sworn, and advanced toward Mara, into whose almost death-like face she gazed an instant without emotion.

"This is Mara Hort," she said. "She was committed for trial about ten years ago, on the charge of murdering a policeman, and being concerned in a great jewel robbery. The grand jury returned a true bill on both counts; but she was only convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. She underwent five years of her penalty, and was liberated about five years ago on a ticket-of-leave."

Feeling as though I were half-paralyzed, I turned to support Mara; but I had to give my assistance to her husband. Halsey had staggered bolt upright, had battled away the air a moment with his hands, and had then fallen heavily forward senseless.

"Arthur!" cried Mara, flinging herself on his prostrate body, and wailing with an accent which froze one to the marrow from its superhuman anguish—"Arthur, I swear by our child that I was innocent! They sentenced me to prison, but I had done nothing. There's a secret I can't disclose. Arthur, speak to me!"

V.

There were two people who continued to believe in Mara's innocence—her husband and I. The rest of the world felt at most pity; and there was probably joy in Sandbeach that the suspicions of all the respectable folk concerning Mara should at length have been verified. As for Justice, she took her usual enlightened view of the whole affair. The ring-robbery assumed a new complexion the moment Mara had undergone a previous conviction for felony. She was committed for trial, and found guilty. The judge, an equitable man, learned and phlegmatic, pointed out to her how grievous was her crime in forcing access to an honest gentleman's affections and home under an assumed name, and by stories which he presumed had been false. He was very much afraid that she had abused her fraudulently-obtained position, to carry on an organized system of robberies in partnership with her former associates, and that this ring theft, which had been providentially brought home to her, was but one of many such undetected. He ended by sentencing her to ten years' penal servitude, as an "habitual criminal."

Arthur Halsey was not present at his wife's trial. He had broken down a few days previously under brain-fever. It was I who defended Mara; and, when sentence had been pronounced, held out my hand to her over the dock-spikes and said,

"I know you are innocent, and so does Arthur. God bless you! We shall devote our lives to discovering the truth and righting you."

She answered, pressing my hand between both of hers,

"Comfort Arthur and kiss Mara for me. But do not try to discover my secret, dearest friend. You will all learn it when we meet in Heaven."

Her calm resignation since her commitment for trial, and during the trial itself, had surprised me. It seemed as though, now that Arthur knew who she was, a load had been removed from her conscience almost too heavy to bear. She was no longer the same woman. She betrayed a fortitude that was amazing in a creature so frail; and as I walked sadly home to Halsey's sick-bed after the trial which had widowed him, I asked myself, "What terrible secret can there be buried in this afflicted woman's soul?"

We had both of us repeated the question until our brains reeled, and our hearts were crushed; and it was from piteous inability to unravel it, from inability to seize the justification which he knew must be somewhere within his reach, if he could only discover the veil which cloaked it, that Halsey had succumbed. In the delirium of his fever he cried, addressing me by my name, "Have you got the clue? It must be among those papers. Read them all again, and more carefully this time!"

The papers he meant were the newspaper reports of Mara's first trial, ten years before, which we had procured. We had pored over them together, and had learned that Mara's account of herself, given to Halsey before their marriage, was all true so far as it went. She had invented nothing, though she had held back some of the truth. Thus the name of Child, under which she had been married, was the only one she had a right to bear; that of Hort, the name under which she had been convicted, being her natural father's, which her mother had adopted. It was quite true that her mother had been heartlessly deceived by her father, and that, after that, Mrs. Hort, being destitute, had resumed her first trade of seamstress. It was again true, that, after her mother's death, Mara had met with benevolent friends, under whose roof she had remained until the master of the house had fallen in love with her, when, to save him against himself, she had fled. Only, instead of meeting with these friends *immediately* upon her mother's death, she had only been taken in hand by them after her release from the penitentiary on the ticket-of-leave. They had been put in the way of helping her by a discharged prisoner's aid society; and being attracted by her sweet temper, her beauty, and the good reports the prison-matrons all gave of her, they had soon offered her a home under their roof, suspecting that she had not been so entirely guilty as appearances showed, and that she was perhaps more sinned against than sinning. We learned these particulars from the people's own lips; but Mara's flight had, of course, in a great measure revoked the good opinion which had been formed of her—at least, so her benefactress said. This lady's husband we saw in private, and he confessed with shame that Mara's grace, goodness and gentleness had indeed turned his head; and he had easily guessed why she had deserted his house. He considered that there was some mystery about the girl; himself, he could believe no wrong of her.

With respect to the crime for which Mara had been convicted, the circumstances were these. On her mother's death Mara had gone to live with a fellow-seamstress, named Jessie Mill. This girl had been well behaved at first; but having become the mistress of a card-sharper, welsher and cracksman, named Jem Raff, she had taken to receiving and concealing property stolen by him. A great jewel robbery having been traced to Jem, the detectives had at length succeeded in discovering his connection with Jessie Mill; and, having been informed of his usual hours for visiting her, they had lain in wait for him one evening; and whilst he, Jessie, and Mara Hort (who had a room next Jessie's) were at tea in the latter's room, a policeman had burst the door open. Jem had escaped out of the window, which was a top one on the roof. The policeman had tried to dart in pursuit; but Mara Hort had struck him from behind on the head with a poker, as he was half through the window; and this had caused him to lose his balance and fall over the roof's parapet into the street, where he had been killed by the fall. Nobody had seen Mara strike the blow; but when the second policeman (who should have been by the side of the first when the latter broke the door open, but who had lagged behind) entered the room, the crime had been committed. Mara, however, charged herself with the murder, and completely exonerated her friend. On her box being searched, jewelry stolen by Jem Raff was found in it; and she was arraigned on the double charge of wilful murder and complicated in a robbery, Jessie Mill being only indicted on the lesser count of receiving stolen goods. The grand jury found a true bill against Mara Hort; but the petty jury convicted her only of manslaughter, because of her youth and beauty, it was said. People also rumored that the same causes had probably moved the judge when he sentenced her to so little as seven years' penal servitude; and there was even some scandal on the subject. A few journalists who had not seen Mara, and could consequently remain dispassionate, had written virtuous leading articles.

These items constituted all we could learn, for Mara would add nothing to them. Her husband and I both exhorted her, in pity for us, her child and herself, to give her own version of the atrocious history; but, though our supplications must have put her to moral torture, worse than slow fire, she constantly answered that the secret was not hers; and that besides, if she did speak, all that she alone could say would not serve her. Halsey and I then set ourselves to find Jessie Mill and Jem Raff; but the former had been convicted at the same time as Mara of receiving stolen goods, and had been condemned to a few months' imprisonment only. Jem Raff had got clear away. The police could give us no clue to their whereabouts. We searched the Whitechapel slums, cross-questioned thieves, made the acquaintance of all those bad characters who might be colonizing African wastes for us, if the government did not prefer to keep them as curiosities to show the stranger; but, search or question as we would, we heard nothing of Jem or his honest mistress, who seemed to have melted into space. It was then that Halsey, who had been wore away to the shadow of his former self, broke down; and, shortly after, the trial took place.

Halsey was many weeks recovering; but he did recover, and then began for him a life of misery by which fate appeared determined to make him pay for every one of his past glad moments by tenfold the number of tears and moans. He left the house where Mara and he had lived and took lodgings near the penitentiary. He walked round and round its walls, with his child in his arms, or toddling by his side, its small hands clinging to his. This was the only place where he ever went for exercise; and half his income was spent in fees to warders or nurses, who brought him every day the news that his wife was well, or indisposed, and often—contrary to all rules—messages from her. The regulations for convict establishments allowed him to write to his wife, and to receive a letter from her, once in three months, both letters being perused by the governor of the penitentiary; and once a quarter he was allowed to pay his wife a visit of fifteen minutes' duration. The visit was conducted in this wise; there were two iron gates a yard apart, and between them a chair where a matron sat. Halsey came to his gate with the child, and Mara to hers. In this way they could talk, the matron listening to what they said; but they could not so much as touch the tips of each other's fingers; and to have passed notes to each other containing but one of those endearing expressions that lose half their soothing charm when pronounced in any third person's hearing, would have been forbidden. Imagine a man meeting, under such conditions, the woman who is more to him than his heart's blood! Imagine him seeing her shed tears, and being unable to press her to his heart, and whisper to her to take courage and hope in God! Imagine, above all, the man feeling that his fellows are submitting his wife to these infernal torments, and keeping her from him through no crime of hers! But this is an age of humanity, and we talk of those barbarous times when society put offenders out of their misery in half a minute by killing them.

There is no use in dilating on a life which was a human adaptation of hell. I had thought at Mara's trial that I should soon be able to learn something which would throw a light on her innocence, which I had never ceased to trust; but two years went by. I had made not one step out of the darkness; and hope sickened within me. Halsey's hair had grayed, though he was scarcely thirty; and his voice was that of a broken-hearted man. One day he came to me and said quietly, "I received this morning a letter from where Mara is (he never said the penitentiary), to tell me she was ill; and I was allowed to go and see her in the infirmary. She is going to die."

We remained silent some minutes. Halsey pressed his fingers over his eyes; and hot tears slowly trickled through them over his hand. At length he continued, "I thank God for it! She will be out of her pain soon. Death is more merciful than men."

"Is it hopeless?" I faltered, dreading this death, which should remove Mara before her guiltlessness was established. It is curious how men will go on hoping against hope.

"The doctor has told me the truth," answered Halsey as if with gratitude. "She may live six months; but that is the longest. She may be called away in eight days."

It was a week, day for day, after this, that I was told a woman wanted to see me. My researches after Jessie Mill were so well known, that I often received calls from vagabonds of both sexes who had known her formerly, and fancied they had seen her or heard of her. The present woman, however, said quickly, "If you want to see Jessie, you must come with me at once; for in an hour, it might be too late. Slithery Ben has done for her."

I followed without a word, called a cab, got into it with the woman, and was driven to a lodging-house in Seven Dials. The cabman seemed by no means so re-assured about his safety in that region as I did, and, as soon as I had paid him, drove away very much faster than he had come. The lodging house was one of the lowest description, haunted by crime-dyed faces, which made way for me curiously, and seemed to consider me as being from another world, though none showed a disposition to molest. I climbed a greasy staircase with a rope baluster. The woman threw open a door, and, showing me the squalid form of a woman with a bandaged head on a mattress, said, "That's Jessie Mill. She got bandying words with Slithery Ben t'other night. He floored her with a bottle: and it didn't look much at the time, but now the doctor says she's going to die of it. Jess, here's the gentleman; and there ain't no Charley with him."

The figure on the mattress propped herself on her elbow and looked at me; it was a countenance devoid of all feminine expression. Drink and crime had unsexed her; yet it was said she had been pretty once!

"I'm past caring about the Charleys," she answered with an effort at a hoarse laugh; and yet somehow, at the sight of a stranger above her sphere and pale, a ray of woman's modesty lit up her face; and she drew her ragged counterpane so as to cover her emaciated throat.

"You've been asking for me," she went on: "it's about Mara. Where is she?"

"In prison."

"What, you've not got her out yet?" And she appeared astonished.

"How should we have got her out?"

"I thought you swells could have got her out long ago." (Here she laughed in a rambling way.) "Money does everything. If I'd had some when I was born, I shouldn't be here now. Well, it was I that stole the rings; but I'll tell you how it happened. I met Mara one day in the streets, looking rich; and I asked her to give me money for old fellowship's sake. I didn't threaten to do her, mind that, you. I owed her already more than I could pay her back, unless I were to do for her what she'd done for me years ago. Well, she gave me money, and did so twice again; but the fourth time, when I'd come to watch for her going out, to see if I couldn't get a lump sum from her to take me out of the country, I saw her go to a jeweller's shop. Then I thought that if I could follow her in, and lay hold of something whilst the man was serving her, it would save me the trouble of begging. I looked through the window, and set eyes on a lot of rings: so I walked in; and whilst the man was lifting me down a clock, I whipped up three of the hoops so quickly that I'm blessed if Mara herself saw me do it. But, when that man turns round, what does he do but stare at me, so that I knew he suspected me of something. Then I got into a panic; for I knew, if he missed the rings, he'd follow me out and have me quodded. Then it would have been fifteen years for me, at least; for the Charleys have been wanting me for some time about other things. If I could have put back the rings into the tray, I'd have done it; but I couldn't; his eye wouldn't have let my hand get so near the counter as an inch. So I dropped the rings into Mara's pocket, which it wasn't difficult for me to do, as I was next her. I thought they wouldn't suspect a lady like her." Here she paused to gasp, and moaned, "Oh, my poor head!"

"And the murder ten years ago?" I inquired.

"Ah! has Mara told you about that?" she asked, not excitedly, but with a dull glare in her eyes.

"Nothing about your share in it," was my cold answer.

"What!" she asked, with an accent of cunning doubt, "nothing, even to her husband?"

"She has kept your secret entirely," I replied quietly.

A flush rose to the woman's colorless face: she covered her face with one of her hands; and, for the first time probably for many years her voice lapsed into something like softness. "Look here!" she exclaimed: "there are some women who are born devils, and others angels. It was I murdered that policeman; but, as I had been good to Ma a and her mother in days before, in fact, before I got to know Jem, she took the murder on herself; because, as we know, the judges would have hanged me, or at least shut me up for life, whereas she being young, and having never been put in prison as I had, it was easy to make it manslaughter in her case. Let me tell you she didn't know Jem was a cracksman. When I gave her those jewels he had stolen, to put in her box—for my own was full of 'em—I told her he was a traveller for a jewelling 'ouse; and she thought him an honest man, and me a pure one like herself. When I heard her sentenced to penal servitude, though, and saw how pluckily, for my sake, who wasn't worthy to lick the mud off her boots, she swore it was her little bit of a fist that had killed the Charley, I was half drav' to close her lips by kissing 'em, and to cry, 'Don't believe her, my lord: it was me that did it!' But then they would have parted me all my life from Jem; and that I couldn't have borne; for I loved Jem then."

It was of no use to waste time in reproaches. "You can repair some of the evil you have done, if you will swear all you have just said before a magistrate and witnesses."

"Go and fetch 'em," she murmured, sinking back on her mattress; "but be quick about it; and you needn't be afraid about bringing Charleys. They may take me to the prison, if they like. I should die more comfortably there." And once again this being, who had once been a woman, laughed hideously.

VI.

In the present generous condition of our law, a person who has not committed an offence, and been imprisoned for it, can only be discharged, on proof of his innocence, by a pardon from her majesty, forgiving him for that offence which he has not committed. In due course—that is, after a month or two of official objections, correspondence, clerk doings, and the rest of it—Mara obtained a Queen's pardon. The negotiations had been kept secret from Mara. Her husband brought her the "pardon," and her child at the same time; and it was little Mara, now grown to be five years old, who laid the parchment on her mother's white bed in the prison infirmary. Then Arthur knelt down, and, bowing his head over his wife's hand, said with humble adoration, "We know your secret, Mara."

Her poor sweet dying face lit up with the last splendid radiance which the sun sometimes sheds over the evening of a day which has been cloudy and full of storms. She twined her arms round her husband's neck, and round her child's, and whispered to them both, "You will forgive me, Arthur, for not having told you all. But Jessie had been good to us, when nobody else had; and to suffer a few years in her stead as a return for that, was not too much. But I think now I ought to have told you all when we were going to be married; for you are the kindest, noblest soul in the world, and you would have forgiven me, I feel. Only the word prison sounds so dreadful that I was afraid that I should lose your love, dear, dear boy, if I pronounced it; and to have lost your love would have killed me. Those people at that little sea-place had frightened me by their coldness, and I felt so friendless." . . .

Her breath was failing; but, after a pause, she kissed the little Mara, and nestled her head on Arthur's shoulder. "Arthur, dear, as little Mara grows up, you will teach her this, won't you? that if she ever meets with any one who is quite abandoned—quite as I was till you took me—she is to make a friend of her, and not listen to what the world says."

Niagara Falls Without Water.

On the 26th of March, 1848, the river presented a remarkable phenomenon. There is no record of a similar one, nor has it been observed since. The winter had been intensely cold, and the ice formed on Lake Erie was very thick. This was loosened around the shores by the warm days of early Spring. During the day a stiff easterly wind moved the whole field up the lake. About sundown the wind chopped suddenly around and blew a gale from the West. This brought the vast tract of ice down again with such tremendous force that it filled the neck of the lake, and the outlet, so that the outflow of the water was greatly impeded. Of course it only needed a very short space of time for the falls to drain off the water below Black Rock. The consequence was that, when we arose in the morning at Niagara, we found that our river was nearly half gone. The American channel had dwindled to a respectable creek. The British channel looked as though it had been smitten with a quick consumption, and was fast passing away. Far up from the head of Goat Island, and out into the Canadian rapids, the water was gone, as it was also from the lower end of Goat Island, out beyond the tower. The rocks were bare, black and forbidding. The roar of Niagara had subsided almost to a moan. The scene was desolate, and but for its novelty, and the certainty that it would change before many hours, would have been gloomy and saddening. Every person who has visited Niagara will remember a beautiful jet of water which shoots up out of the water about forty rods south of the outer Sister in the great rapids, called, with a singular contradiction of terms, the "Leaping Rock."

The writer drove a buggy from near the head of Goat Island out to a point above and near to that jet. With a log-cart and four horses he had drawn from the outside of the outer island a stick of pine timber, hewed twelve inches square and forty feet long. From the top of the middle island was drawn a larger stick, hewed on one side and sixty feet long. There are few places on the globe where a person would be less likely to go lumbering than in the rapids of Niagara, just above the brink of the Horse-shoe fall. All the people of the neighborhood were abroad, exploring the recesses and cavities that had never before been exposed to mortal eyes. The writer went some distance up the shore of the river. Large fields at the muddy bottom lay bare. * * The singular syncope of the waters lasted all the day, and night closed over the strange scene. But in the morning our river was restored in all its strength, beauty and majesty, and we were glad to welcome its swelling tide once more.—*Holley's Niagara.*

☞ "Is Pat Flannigen on board this ship?" roared Nelson, during a lull in the firing at the battle of the Nile. "I'm here, my lord," said Erin's son, showing himself on deck. "Then," said the gallant Nelson, looking satisfied, "let the battle proceed." That story is Pat's.

☞ The wind blew a glass eye out of a man's head in Wichita, Kansas, the other day. He wishes to be informed whether such zephyrs are common in that longitude.

☞ A politician at Whitewater, Wis., wrote two letters after election. One was to his son, containing the single word "Hurrah:" the other was full of consolation to a weeping friend who had just lost his wife. In his excitement he got them mixed in directing, and the result can be imagined.

☞ The editor of the Appleton Crescent prefers female school-teachers to males. Who don't?

THE NEW CLERK.

Jenkins met Smith, his senior partner, at the depot, who had been absent on a tour.

"How's business?" inquired the latter.

"All right, got a new clerk."

"Got a new clerk, eh? Where is Jones?"

"Discharged him. An idle, extravagant young dog!"

"True enough, and the new one won't do any better. Drinking, gambling, late hours, fast horses—that's the way with them all."

And Smith groaned.

Jenkins's eye twinkled. He well knew the peculiarities of his good-hearted but eccentric bachelor partner.

"Well, the new clerk don't drink nor gamble, I'm certain of that, and has thus far been very attentive and industrious."

"Thus far? Oh, yes. Wait a month. New brooms sweep clean."

"Oh, well, if the new clerk don't suit you, you can send the clerk adrift, that's all. I took her—a'm—the new clerk on trial."

Mr. Smith stared at his partner.

"I suppose the new clerk has a name," he remarked, dryly.

"Oh, yes. Her—that is to say—the new clerk's name is Gardner. But here we are."

As was his usual custom, Mr. Smith went through the store, past the array of clerks on either side of the counter, without glancing either to the right or left. But when he reached his private office, at the farther end, he looked through the glass door, which was so situated that he could see all that was going on in the store.

As his eyes fell upon the occupant of a desk near the door, he started.

"What's that?" he said, turning sharply to his partner, who had followed him.

Jenkins gazed composedly at the slender form, whose graceful head was bent intently upon a ledger that lay upon the desk.

"That? Why, that's the new clerk."

Smith rubbed his eyes and looked again.

"Why, it's a woman!" he exclaimed, with an air of incredulity and horror."

"I should say it was," said Jenkins, coolly, "and a confoundedly pretty one at that."

Smith gave his partner a look of virtuous indignation.

"Mr. Jenkins, this is no place for a woman."

"Think not? Now it strikes me she fits the place very nicely."

"The proper place for a woman is the sanctuary of home."

This was a pet observation of Mr. Smith, which he had read somewhere, and which he considered a clincher in such an argument.

"But suppose she hasn't any?"

This was a poser, and in his efforts to surmount it, Mr. Smith got excited.

"Hasn't any? Why, sir, she must—she ought to have one."

"Very true. In fact, so confident am I on this point, that I have thought of offering her mine—or, at least, to share it with her."

"Mr. Jenkins, this is not a fit subject for jest."

"It's a serious matter, I know; so on the whole, perhaps I had better think it over awhile longer. Besides, there is no knowing if she would accept my offer, together with the incumbrance that goes with it."

"Jenkins, "returned Smith, severely, "will you cease trifling and attend to the business in hand? This woman must go."

"Very well: you told me you wanted a clerk who was faithful and industrious, that didn't spend his salary, and all he could steal, on fast horses and the like, and I got you one. It's an easy matter to send her off."

"Of course it is," rejoined Smith, brightening at the suggestion. "Just tell her she does not exactly suit, and that we shan't need her after to-day."

"But she does suit me; and if you are not suited, all you have got to do is to tell her so."

"You hired her."

"And for that reason I won't discharge her without some good cause."

"No matter," returned Smith, indifferently; "I can discharge her. I think I am equal to that much."

Jenkins, who had left the room, put his head back a minute later.

"Bet you a hundred dollars you don't do it."

With this parting shot he disappeared.

Now Smith had a nervous horror of women—as his partner well knew, especially young women—and never spoke to one if he could help it.

Had it been a man he would have known what to say, and experienced no difficulty in saying it, but a woman was quite another thing.

But his partner's last words had touched his pride, and, summoning all his resolution, he walked in.

But his courage failed him as he came opposite the desk where she sat, and he passed by, glancing sidewise at the unconscious occupant, who did not lift her head as he approached.

After speaking to a clerk in the farther end of the room, he walked slowly back to where the young lady sat, and who, as he passed, raised a pair of soft blue eyes, shooting a bewildering glance in Smith's, that he felt to the toe of his boot.

"Miss—Miss—" he stammered.

"My name is Georgiana," said the young lady, smiling. "Some call me George for short."

"Well, Miss George—Georgiana, I am afraid you will find your situation rather unpleasant."

"Not at all, sir. On the contrary, I find it very pleasant and comfortable."

"Ahem—but I fear you will hardly be equal to the discharge of its duty."

"I hope not. If you will run your eye over the balance-sheet you will find everything correct."

With a desperate hope that there would be something amiss, Smith did so, but was disappointed.

"I hope you have no fault to find?" said the clerk, rather anxiously, on perceiving that he hesitated.

"You are a woman—"

Here, whether abashed by a sudden display of dimples on the pink cheeks, that grew more pink at this rather unnecessary assertion, Smith came to an abrupt pause.

At this the smiling face settled into an expression of demure gravity.

"I must plead guilty to the charge of being a woman. But though it may be a misfortune, it can scarcely be called a fault; at any rate it is one for which I am not answerable."

"You misunderstand me, ma'am. What I meant to say was, that there are certain duties connected with your office, such as opening the store, going to the post-office, etc., which you cannot very well perform."

"I assure you, sir, that I like nothing better than an occasional walk in the open air. And as to opening the store, and sweeping and dusting, I don't know why it should be harder to perform that office for a store than for a house. I claim no consideration for my sex," resumed the young lady, casting a reproachful glance at the perplexed countenance of her employer, "but I ask in common justice, that you will not discharge me simply because I am a woman."

Muttering a disclaimer of some kind, he hardly knew what, Smith beat a sudden retreat to his own room, assuming a bold front as he met his partner's inquiring eye, but with an inward consciousness that he had been completely routed by the enemy.

"Gone?" said Jenkins, with nonchalance most provoking.

"Well, no, not to-day. What the deuce are you grinning at?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing at all," responded Jenkins, throwing himself back in his chair, and regarding intently a fly on the ceiling.

"What I was going to remark was," resumed Smith, with quite an unnecessary assumption of dignity, "that I have concluded to allow the young lady to remain until I can find some situation for her more in accordance with her sex."

"Very kind and considerate of you," said Jenkins, dryly, "especially taking into consideration that she does her work better than any clerk we ever had, and less pay, too."

Smith was by no means the ogre he seemed. Aside from his prejudices he was a sensible, kind-hearted man. Georgiana was not called upon to open the store or run errands, though she offered to do both. Curious to relate, as days and weeks passed, Smith's repugnance to her presence not only vanished with them, but he began to regard her with positive pleasure.

He used to often look through the glass door, watching the graceful poise of the head and the motion of the deft little fingers as they glided over the paper, until at last curious fancies seemed to creep into his brain, and he began to indulge in glowing dreams of how wonderfully such a little woman as that would brighten up his lonely and cheerless home.

But he determined to proceed cautiously. He had it. His housekeeper was about to leave; he would offer Miss Gardner the situation—and then.

Having formed this resolution, his next step was to request the young lady's presence in his private office, a summons that was promptly obeyed.

"Miss Gardner, don't you think the situation of housekeeping in a quiet home, like mine, for instance, would be preferable to your situation here?"

"Perhaps, in some respects, it might," said Georgiana, coloring at this abrupt inquiry and the look which accompanied it.

Was the old gentleman about to make her an offer?

But his next words relieved her of this apprehension.

"My housekeeper is about to leave me, and I should be glad to have you supply her place."

Georgiana's face grew very red, and her mouth dimpled with the smiles that she strove vainly to suppress.

"You are very kind, sir, but the fact is Mr. Jenkins has spoken to me first."

"Mr. Jenkins?"

"Yes, sir. He asked me to be his housekeeper, and I said I would."

"But, my child, Mr. Jenkins is a young man—it would not be proper for you to keep house for him. Now with me it is different."

And Georgiana inwardly agreed with him. In fact, there was all the difference in the world for her.

"But he asked me to be his wife as well as housekeeper."

"O-o-o-h!"

Smith's first feeling was that of intense astonishment, his next of quite as strong chagrin. But it all ended in an emotion of thankfulness that he had not committed himself.

His disappointment, however, could not have rankled very deeply, for he attended the wedding with smiling tranquillity, the ceremony that transformed his new clerk into the happy wife of his fortunate partner, Jenkins.

MY REVENGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

I paused at the parlor door, hearing voices inside, and thinking there might be callers whom I did not care to meet.

"Where is Miss Janet?" asked the voice of Max Ruthven. A pleasant thrill went through me at the sound of it. It was a pleasant thing to know that some one cared enough for you to inquire after you.

"She went out shopping, I believe, didn't she, Lucia?" said Aunt Diana.

"I think she did," answered Lucia more dutifully than truthfully, I thought.

That was always the way. If any one came and chanced to ask for me, I was always out or indisposed. Judging from what Aunt Diana used to tell her visitors about me, I was sick half the time, and gadding about the other half.

My cheeks flushed up hotly that morning, to hear them telling Max Ruthven I was out when they knew better. If there was any one I cared for it was Mr. Ruthven, because he had always been kind to me; and kindness was something rare enough in my life to be appreciated thoroughly when I came in contact with it.

"They don't want me in the way," I said, bitterly. "I'll turn the tables on them," and opened the parlor door and went in.

"Good-morning, Miss Stafford," said Max Ruthven, with a flash of pleasure, I thought, in his hand-some eyes. "I have just been inquiring for you."

"I thought you were out," said Aunt Diana.

"Why, no," I replied, looking at her wonderingly. "You know you told me to dust the dining-room, and I've been busy there all the morning."

Aunt Diana looked ominously stern. I began to see a storm brewing.

But then I was used to stormy weather. Calms were a rare exception in my life.

"I want you to sing for me," Max said, opening some music upon the piano. "I happened into a music-store yesterday, and came across some old editions of 'Annie o' the Banks o' Dee,' and 'Within a Mile o' Edinburg' Town,' and knowing how well your voice was adapted for such songs, I got them, and have brought them with me. Miss Lucia will play the accompaniment, I am sure."

"I must beg to be excused," said Lucia, loftily. "I never could play with Janet's singing."

"I can play my own accompaniments," I said, and sat down to the piano, resolved to do my best. Lucia could not sing at all. I knew that she envied me my full, clear voice, and I liked to display it for her benefit. And then, Max Ruthven wanted me to sing, and I was only too glad to be able to afford pleasure to one who had been so kind to me as he had, in many little ways.

I sang the beautiful old Scotch songs with all the expression I could give them, and I loved them so well that after the first verse I forgot any one was listening, and sang because I loved them.

"I never heard any one sing them as beautifully as you do," Max said, when I had finished them. "I could listen forever," he added, in a tone so low that neither Lucia nor Aunt Diana could catch what he was saying. I was conscious of a little extra color flushing into my cheek, and saw that Aunt Diana's eyes were watching me closely.

"I am going to bring you a book of old songs and ballads that my mother has, sometime," said Max. "I am sure you will find a great many gems in it."

"Thank you; I wish you would," I said. "I like old songs so much. There seems to be something of the charm about them that clings to yellow old lace."

"A very poetical fancy," answered Lucia, "you should turn poet, Janet."

"Perhaps I shall, some day," I answered. "In that case I shall be happy to write your biography in rhyme."

Aunt Diana bridled. I enjoyed their vexation, although I could see that I should catch a lecture when Max Ruthven was gone. I had got used enough to the signs of a coming storm to be quite a weather-prophet.

"These dahlias are superb," Max said, bending over a vase of flowers standing on the table. "What are your favorite flowers, Janet?"

Janet! my face was as red as any rose. He had never called me that before. A thrill of pleasure woke an echo in my heart that vibrated long after he was gone.

"I hardly know," I answered. "White roses, I think."

"I will send you up some this afternoon," he said. "Mother has some superb ones in her conservatory. What shall I send you, Miss Lucia?"

"Oh, don't take the trouble to send anything," said Lucia, coldly. "I don't want your mother's conservatory robbed for me, I'm sure!"

Pretty soon he went away, and the minute the door closed after him Aunt Diana opened her batteries on me.

"Janet Stafford, I am ashamed of you," she began. "One would think you were engaged to Mr. Ruthven. I've no doubt you'd like to be! Here you have tried your best to monopolize his attention, knowing that he came to see Lucia, and knowing, too, that he has been paying his attentions to her for some time."

"I wasn't aware that his visits here had any particular significance," said I.

"Any one could see that he came here with a particular object in view," said Aunt Diana, looking meaningly at Lucia. "Instead of being grateful for all we have done for you, you try to win away her suitor. You know that to be the truth, too, or your face wouldn't color up so. He only asks for you out of mere politeness, but you take advantage of that politeness and force yourself into his company—"

"Stop!" I cried, my passion in a white heat by this time. "You have insulted and abused me long enough. This afternoon I shall leave your house forever. I have never attempted to win Lucia's lovers away from her. Perhaps because I never saw any to win was one reason," I added, scornfully. Lucia looked black as a thunder-cloud. There was truth in what I said, and it struck home. "Max Ruthven may come here to win Lucia. I do not know what his intentions are. I only know that he has been kind to me, that he has treated me as his equal, and that I have never tried to come between you in any way. If Max Ruthven was here he would tell you the same."

"I am happy to be able to assert the truth of Miss Stafford's statement," said the voice of Max Ruthven at the door. "You must excuse me for being an unintentional listener. I forgot my cane and came back for it, and I am glad now that I heard what I have. I assure you, Mrs. Doane, my intentions are the same now that they have ever been toward your daughter. I have come here with the purpose of winning Janet Stafford for my wife. Only now and then could I succeed in seeing her. You have kept us apart as much as possible. I ask you now, Janet, to be my wife. I love you. Can you trust yourself and your future happiness to me?"

For answer I put my hands in his, and burst into tears. He loved me. That was all I cared for then. I was not alone in the world any longer. I had some one to lean upon. Never, till that moment, had I known how much I cared for Max Ruthven.

"I want you to come home with me at once," he said. "My mother will give you a cordial welcome. I cannot leave you *here*."

We were married, Max and I, and I am so happy.

I have had such a sweet tit-for-tat on Aunt Diana and Lucia. The Ruthvens are members of the very best society, and have old aristocratic blood in them. To be intimate with them is to be admitted to the most exclusive circles. Aunt Diana thought to presume upon her relationship to me, and claim the advantages which would result from her being intimate with us. So the other night she came up to my mother-in-law and said "she believed she had met her at Saratoga." She didn't feel quite like claiming me as her niece until she was sure how Mrs. Ruthven felt about it. "I am Mrs. Doane" she added.

"Mrs. Donne;" said Mrs. Ruthven, thoughtfully. "I do not remember meeting you, I think. Janet, my dear, shall we visit the conservatory?"

Oh, how discomfited Aunt Diana looked! Of course Mrs. Ruthven would not have made that kind of a remark to anybody else.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE FUNERAL OF HORACE GREELY.—The funeral of Horace Greeley took place December 4, in New York. The services were held in the Church of the Divine Paternity, and the funeral addresses were delivered by Rev. Dr. Chapin and Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. Among the mourners were the President and Vice President of the United States, the Vice President elect, the Postmaster General and Secretary of War, the Chief Justice of the United States, the Governor and Governor elect of New York, the Governor of New Jersey, Senators Trumbull, Schurz, Conklin and Fenton, Generals Sheridan and Babcock and a host of other military and civic officers, besides distinguished citizens, associations, clubs, etc. Nearly all the stores along the route of the procession were closed, emblems of mourning were numerous, the bells were tolled, and the flags half-masted. The interment was in Green-wood Cemetery.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.—The Pacific Railroad thinks it can defy the snows this winter, even if they are as severe as those of last. Over the mountains it has raised its track for one hundred miles from one to seven feet, so that the winds will keep it clear. Snow sheds over the track have been built for an aggregate distance of fifteen miles; the snow fences have been extended to eighty miles, and the monster snow plough of a weight of thirty-five tons are building to open the blockades that may, in spite of all the rest, come from long and severe storms.

LONDON IN DARKNESS.—Most of the stokers employed by the London gas companies are now on a strike. The companies show no disposition to concede to the demands of the stokers, and the latter announce that they are determined not to resume work until their companions whose discharge gave rise to the strike, are taken back.

Large portions of the city have been in darkness for several nights, the gas having been extinguished in many sections. The inhabitants are filled with consternation and dread, and the irritation against the strikers is very general.

☞ The latest thing in ladies' fashions is to have a poodle dyed to match the suit. If that fashion prevails, the dog department of many of our wealthy citizens' establishments will be pretty extensive.

☞ It has been discovered that the lamplighters of Paris are more given to suicide than any other class, and in eighty eight cases out of one hundred they drown themselves. They stick to water.

☞ This is a newly-invented swindle:—A "plain man" in a car or a crowd and finds a gold ring in the dirt. A bystander looks at the ring, pronounces the man lucky, and the ring worth $10 or $15. Of course "plain man" wants to sell it, and will take $5. He finds a buyer, who soon discovers that he is sold to the amount of nearly all his investment.

☞ The Detroit Free Press says that when a contemporary remarks that "Heaven helps those who help themselves," it is a mean attempt to throw the responsibility for political thieving upon Heaven.

The Serenity of the Dying.

It has so happened that I have seen many men and women die. Without design or disposition on my part, I have very many times been present when sick persons were ebbing to eternity. I have seen many men and women, young and old, cultivated and ignorant, orthodox and heterodox, in their last moments; and, as a rule, all of them passed away, if not without regret, at least with entire resignation. None of them showed dread of the future. Their thoughts were fixed on what they were quitting, not on what they were going to. I observed that some of them were troubled, perhaps distressed, when they first thought they could not recover, but that, the nearer their end came, the less apprehensive and the calmer they grew.

Having once banished hope, tranquility seemed to descend upon them as a substitute; and afterward, if free from physical pain, there was unruffled peace. If encouraged to believe they might get well, or if they had a favorable turn, the old anxiety, with something of the former apprehension, reappeared; proving that their mental disquietude was born of their expectation of life, not of their fear of death. Thus was established a clear analogy between material and spiritual anguish under the same circumstances. As we have seen, they who are badly hurt, or seriously ill, experience suffering in going back to life; while the downward path to death, both for the body and the soul, is paved with smoothness and serenity.

☞ Ought a strong boy to be paid a weekly salary?"

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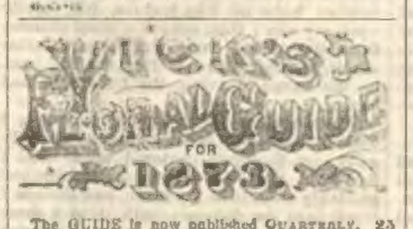

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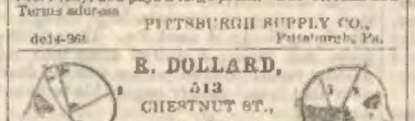

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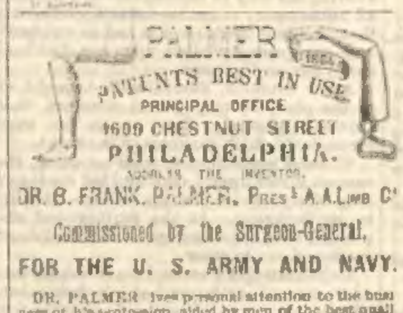

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A victim of early indiscretion, causing nervous debility, premature decay, &c., having tried in vain every advertised remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send free to his fellow-sufferers. Address, J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau St., New York. sep14-1y

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Relieved and Cured by Dr. Sherman's Patent Appliance and Compound. Also, 428 Broadway, N. Y. Send for his new pamphlet containing illustrations of cases before and after cure with the Heavy Metal Bonnet case, letters and portrait. Beware of travelling impostors, who pretend to have been assistants of Dr. SHERMAN. He has no Agents. ap6-1y

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Men and Women Wanted everywhere to raise the money for our Patent Button-hole Outfits, with silver case, 25 needs,—cuts 74 sizes—sells at sight. Pat. Fountain Pen and Yosemite XX Gold Pens. Samples of all, with circulars, post-paid, for 25 cents. Also The Ladies Casket, and other articles. Address CITY NOVELTY COMPANY, No. 404 Library street, Philadelphia, Pa. nov23-13t

CATALOGUES OF NEW MUSIC sent to any address, gratis. Address J. E. WINNER, Music Publisher, 843 and 845 N. Eighth St., sep21-13t Philadelphia.

TILTON'S EBONITE CROQUET BALLS,

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Prices of the sets, $3, $10, $12, $14, $22, $30. Balls separate, $2 per set of 8.

For sale by LEON HIRSH,
sep28-26t 512 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

WIT AND HUMOR.

MAKING A FORTUNE.

BY MARK TWAIN.

Samuel McFadden was a watchman in a bank. He was poor, but honest, and his life was without reproach. The trouble with him was that he felt that he was not appreciated. His salary was only four dollars a week, and when he asked to have it raised, the president, the cashier, and the board of directors glared at him through their spectacles, and frowned on him, and told him to go out and stop his insolence when he knew business was dull, and the bank could not meet its expenses, now, let alone lavish one dollar on such a miserable worm as Samuel McFadden. And then Samuel McFadden felt depressed and sad, and the haughty scorn of the president and cashier cut him to the soul. He would often go into the side yard, and bow his venerable twenty-four inch head, and weep gallons and gallons of tears over his insignificance, and pray that he might be made worthy of the cashier's and president's polite attention.

One night a happy thought struck him; a gleam of light burst upon him, and gazing down the dim vista of years with his eyes all blinded with joyous tears, he saw himself rich and respected. So Samuel McFadden fooled around and got a jimmy, a monkey-wrench, a cross-cut saw, a coal chisel, a drill, and about a ton of gunpowder and nitro-glycerine, and all those things. Then in the dead of night, he went to the fire-proof safe, and after working at it for a while, burst the door and brick into an immortal smash, with such a perfect success, that there was not enough of that safe left to make a carpet-tack. Mr. McFadden then proceeded to load up with coupons, greenbacks, currency and specie, and to nail all the odd change that was lying anywhere, so that he pranced out of the bank with over one million dollars on him. He then retired to an unassuming residence out of town, and then sent word to the detectives where he was.

A detective called on him next day, with a soothing note from the cashier. McFadden treated it with lofty scorn. Detectives called on him every day with humble notes from the president, cashier, and board of directors. At last the bank officers got up a magnificent private supper, to which Mr. McFadden was invited. He came, and as the bank officers bowed down in the dust before him, he pondered over the bitter past, and his soul was filled with wild exultation.

Before he drove away in his carriage that night, it was all fixed that Mr. McFadden was to keep half a million of that money, and to be unmolested if he returned the other half. He fulfilled his contract like an honest man, but refused, with haughty disdain, the offer of the cashier to marry his daughter.

Mac is now honored and respected. He moves in the best society, he browses around in purple and fine linen and other good clothes, and enjoys himself first-rate. And often now he takes his infant son on his knee, and tells him of his early life, and instils holy principles into the child's mind, and shows him how, by industry and perseverance, and frugality, and nitro-glycerine, and monkey-wrenches, and cross-cut saws, and familiarity with the detective system, even the poor may rise to affluence and responsibility.

A GOVERNOR FOR VICTORIA.

We learn from an exchange that "the Governor of Victoria receives fifty thousand dollars a year for his services." Until we read this we were not aware that Victoria had a governor, nor do we yet perceive the necessity for such an officer, unless it is true that the Queen is of such an intractable nature that she has to be held in check with an iron hand. Anyhow fifty thousand dollars appears to be pretty good pay for the work. We are willing to do it for less money. Give us forty thousand dollars a year down in hard cash, and we will agree to govern Victoria and the whole royal family, including, if required, a spanking exercise on the Prince of Wales once a day. For ten thousand more we will also take charge of William Hohenzollern, and, when he gets unruly, stand him upside down with his helmet spike in the floor, and spin him around by the legs until he repents.

A QUEER PLACE FOR A WEDDING.

An exchange says: "A young Georgia lady, whose parents shut her up to keep her away from an obnoxious lover, jumped from a second-story window into the arms of her betrothed, who carried her off and married her in the teeth of her enraged papa." We have no desire to find fault with the girl Perhaps she was right in marrying the man. But we may be permitted, while tendering our sympathy, to throw out, in a general sort of a way, as it were, that her enraged papa must, in the first place, have uncommonly large teeth; second, that if he had been as much enraged as they say he was, it was wonderful that he didn't chew up the bridal party; third, that it was unfilial to have the wedding in the father's mouth, where he could not enjoy it; fourth, that if her father's teeth were false, and she stole them, and was married in them at a distance from home, the infuriated parent will probably light on her with a charge of larceny, and have her imprisoned for a year or two. The whole thing is mysterious anyhow, whichever way you look at it.

A STINGING REBUKE.—They tell a story about a man who put the saddle hind part foremost upon his horse, while in a condition of dizziness superinduced by fire-water. Just as he was about to mount, a German friend came up and told him to hold on a minute, because the saddle was on wrong and wanted refixing. The horseman gazed for a moment at the intruder, as if in deep thought, and then said—

"You let that saddle alone. How in thunder do you know which way I am going?"

And the gentleman from Germany passed on.

FITTING FOR COLLEGE.—"That's where the boys fit for college," said the professor to Mrs. Partington, pointing to a schoolhouse.

"Did they?" said the old lady, with animation. "Then if they fit for the college before they went, they didn't fight afterward?"

"Yes," said he, smiling and favoring the conceit, "but the fight was with the head, not with the hands."

"Butted, did they?" said the old lady.

YONKERS claims the most touching instance current of gratitude. A little boy, the child of a wealthy mother, tumbled into the river. He was rescued by a workingman and restored to his parents. The woman gave the rescuer a three cent postage stamp, and said she would be glad to have him come up to her house and sit out in the entry and hear her play the piano. He went away with tears in his eyes. He said he wasn't used to such overwhelming kindness.

A MISCONCEPTION.—*First Hibernian*—"Now it's just as I'm telling ye. I heard the boss say to another man that he'd put thirteen hundred dollars into the Hudson River, and in two days he made three thousand."

Second Hibernian.—"Ye don't say so. Now, Pat, it may be thim brokers has some way of making gould grow just loike oysters."

☞ Barnum's "Digger Indian" hopped down from his perch of exhibition at Elizabethtown, Ky., and gave a negro who insulted him a sound drubbing.

From a Detective's Note-Book.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY J. M. MALONE.

It was a bleak night in November—wet, dismal and murky, and until a very late hour I lingered at the detective office, chatting with my friend Captain Lamberts. Business of a professional nature had called me thither that evening, but being upon terms of intimacy with the captain, having known each other almost from boyhood, and both being of a social disposition, pure friendship alone detained me so late.

We were smoking, and quietly reviewing some reminiscences of our early days, when we were suddenly interrupted by the entrance of a drowsy policeman, who unceremoniously announced a visitor without in waiting.

"Who is it?" the captain rather tartly inquired.

"It's a woman, sir; and she refuses to communicate with any one but you," was the reply.

"A woman!" Lamberts faintly ejaculated. "Who can it be? Show her in."

A moment after the man's face had disappeared from the aperture formed by the half-open door, we heard the heavy rustle of a woman's dress; and in another, the owner thereof glided swiftly into the room, and paused in a hesitating, embarrassed manner before us.

The figure was a slight, girlish one, enveloped from head to foot in a thick, heavy cloak of some black material, and closely muffled about the head and face by a dark, sweeping veil that fell to her waist. Her carriage was easy and graceful, and the slight timidness that evinced itself in her deportment only tended to impress us more favorably with our visitor.

We both rose to our feet upon her entrance, and Lamberts advanced a step nearer to where she stood.

"Pray be seated," he said, pointing to a chair.

With a graceful inclination of the head, but without speaking, the woman took the proffered seat. Then, glancing timidly about her, she slowly swept aside her veil, revealing in the dim light a young and wondrously fair face, but one withal quite pale, and bearing all the symptoms of sorrow and fear intermingled.

"Can I be of any service, miss?" my friend asked, in a more respectful tone, staring in unfeigned astonishment.

"Oh, I hope so," she replied in a low, silvery voice, gazing earnestly at him with her great luminous black eyes. "There has been a terrible crime committed here to-night."

"Here?"

"Aye—almost in the very heart of the city," she panted, drawing a small white hand dreamily across her eyes.

"What, and how was it?" asked the captain, calmly.

"I know not how it was, I only know that something terrible has happened!" she responded in a broken voice, a half-suppressed sob choking her effort to speak. "My name is Honoria Greenwald, and my home has been with my grandfather, Leroy Greenwald. Early this evening I was called out to visit some friends, and upon my return, which was but a little while ago, I found him stretched upon the floor of his chamber, bathed in blood, and to all external appearances utterly lifeless."

"But had none of the household been aroused?" Lamberts interrogated.

"Unfortunately, with the single exception of a servant girl, who is away at present at her own home on account of sickness—I am the only member of his family," was the tremulous response.

"And so he was entirely alone?"

"Entirely, sir."

"Had he enemies that you know of, miss?"

"None. He was a very old man, and has always lived at peace with his neighbors."

"Did he keep money to any amount about the premises?"

"He did, sir, he never let it out."

"You did not examine whether anything had been disturbed?"

"I did not. Immediately upon discovering the body, and seeing that life was extinct, I fled."

"It is well that you are here, Clarence," the captain observed, turning to me; "for this thing must be investigated. You will accompany the lady, and take the matter in hand?"

"Willingly," I replied.

Then, after receiving a few private instructions as how it was best to proceed, delivered in an undertone by the cautious Lamberts, I set forth to the scene of violence, guided by the shivering woman.

The night was intensely dark—not a star to be seen in the whole leaden firmament above; and the pale-yellow light, shed by the ghastly, flickering lamps, only tended to increase the gloom ten-fold. But, linking my fair companion's arm in my own, we hurried forward in defiance of the interposing darkness.

Our journey was performed in almost total silence. Now and then I would propound a question to her, relative to the matter at issue; but as she was so very reserved, answering me only in monosyllables, I avoided all unnecessary remarks, naturally inferring that the terrible blow that had so suddenly and unexpectedly fallen upon her, had rendered her so dispirited.

A few minutes, hurried walk brought us to the place—a tall, gabled-structure, that frowned gloomily down upon us even through the thick darkness of the night.

Without hesitating, or even speaking, the woman thrust open a door and led me into a long dimly-lighted passage that echoed dully to our footsteps. At the further end she paused, and throwing open a second door, motioned me to enter.

Unhesitatingly I crossed the threshold into what seemed to be used as a bed-chamber, which was very meanly and scantily furnished. The only furniture that it contained was a low, unvarnished bedstead and a couple of rickety, broken-legged chairs; and the flaring tallow-candle that burned flickeringly upon the dusty mantelpiece, revealed a a yellow, mildewy slime upon the low narrow walls. Near the centre of the room, upon the dark-stained, uncarpeted floor, lay the body of a man; while not far away, and fed by a little trickling stream, a dark, slippery pool of blood had collected.

I hastily advanced, and kneeling over the prostrate form, at once perceived that life was utterly extinct. He had been a very old man—eighty, perhaps; his limbs and body were quite shrivelled, and the skinny, ashy face, gleaming up through the ghastly light, was lean and meagre, forcibly reminding me of a famished wolf. One of his bony, claw-like hands, wet and discolored with blood, lay nervelessly upon his breast, and upon taking it in my own I unavoidably perceived a striking peculiarity in it, in the entire absence of the middle finger.

Directly under the hand, as though that had been brought thither—but too late—to shield the unprotected bosom from the blade of the assassin, I discerned two deep stabs, which evidently had been made with some sharp-pointed instrument, and which, from their approximate nearness to the heart, I readily inferred were the immediate cause of Leroy Greenwald's death.

At my request the young lady showed me where her grandfather usually kept his money, which was in a huge iron chest beneath the tattered bed in the room where he now lay. But this was securely locked, and had not been disturbed. Then we made a circuit of the dismal old house, closely scrutinizing every nook and corner; but nothing seemed to have been molested, and not a single clue to the murderer was obtained.

At an early hour on the following day an inquest was held over the body; but nothing of any material consequence was elicited, and the decision was the usual stereotyped one, that the deceased had "come to his death by the hands of some unknown person or persons." And with this meagre, unsatisfactory result, the old man was quietly laid away to his undisturbed rest.

On the evening of the same day I visited the servant girl, whom I found at home, seriously ill. All the information that I gleaned from her was chiefly concerning the Greenwald family, but which, unsupported by collateral facts, was nothing in itself. In brief, she informed me that the deceased had no living relatives except Honoria; that the old man had been of a miserly, grasping disposition, the very opposite of his granddaughter, who was proud, self-willed and fond of fine show; that a number of times, in her uncontrollable passion for dress and splendor, she had secretly involved him deeply in debt; and that in consequence thereof, when the matter had been fully brought to light, the two had had many serious disputes, and one even upon the day preceding the night on which the murder had been committed. That was all.

It was growing late when I left for home, but the night was not so intensely dark as the previous one had been, the sky having assumed a serene and cloudless phase in the interim. My course lay directly by the door of the gloomy house that had but a few hours ago sheltered the unsuspecting old man, and when I had come up to the low, frowning entrance, I paused a moment and glanced up at the dismal, staring walls.

All was silent within, not the least perceptible sound breaking the solemn stillness; but from a window directly above my head a single ray of light streamed forth, stabbing the darkness with its yellow, quivering tongue.

Presently I resumed my walk, plunging down a narrow, dirty street that bounded upon one hand the dismal mansion. But I had proceeded scarcely a dozen paces, when, happening to cast my eyes over the low wall that surrounded a narrow yard in the rear of the building, I beheld a stealthy form glide from behind a projecting angle of the house and cross to the further side of the enclosure.

There was light enough for me to recognize in this mysterious figure my fair guide of the previous night, and, also, that she carried a dark bundle of something closely wrapped in her arms; and impelled by an irresistible curiosity I suddenly halted, determined, if possible, to know her object.

She paused beside what in the darkness I took to be a slight mound of earth, and after some hesitation knelt cautiously over it. Then, in a moment, a rough grating noise, as of a solid substance being dragged over another body of like texture, fell faintly upon my ears; then ensued a short silence; then the heavy drag—drag again, after which, springing to her feet, she fled back to the house, leaving the bundle behind her.

When she had disappeared from view, I turned upon my heels and walked slowly away, my thoughts centered upon what I had seen. Somehow a strange suspicion had suddenly crept into my brain, and though I tried hard to dispense with it as a mere fancy, it vividly haunted me. There was nothing connected with it to give it any probability, and yet my mind clung to it with all the pertinacity that it would have shown to a thing more probable. It was startling too, and weighed heavily upon me; and at last, long ere I had reached my destination, determined either to rid myself entirely of it, or else confirm it, I turned short in my walk, and hurried back to the dismal old house.

The place was as silent as ever; the light in the window above had been extinguished; and feeling the coast clear, I made my way cautiously to the rear of the building, and over the low wall into the yard. A few strides brought me to what I had taken in the darkness to be a mound, but which, upon closer inspection, proved to be an old, disused cistern, covered over with a number of heavy slabs.

Seizing an end of one of the projecting pieces of timber, I cautiously drew it aside, thus forming an aperture large enough to admit my body if need be. Then falling upon my knees, I peered down into the gloomy cavern, but so intense was the darkness that it was utterly impossible to detect anything.

I was in the act of rising to my feet, when, happening to let my hand touch against the plastered, crumbling wall within, it came in contact with a soft, swaying substance, which, upon examination, I found to my infinite joy to be the veritable bundle, caught, in falling, upon a sharp iron spike not a foot below the mouth.

Hastily disengaging it and bringing it forth, I arose and returned the slab to its proper place.

Then, gathering the bundle in my arms, and cautiously making my way outside, I was soon hurrying down the street.

A short walk brought me to my destination, and entering my own room, and carefully locking the door behind me, I hastily undid the bundle that I had secured, determined to solve the mystery connected with it, or, at least, to allay my own curiosity.

It required but a moment to complete my undertaking, and then, to my intense astonishment, I found it to be nothing more nor less than the identical cloak that Miss Greenwald had worn on her visit to the detective's office. Of this I was positive, having taken particular notice of it at the time.

I held it up in front of the light, casually glancing over it, when, happening to detect a peculiar stain upon one corner, I brought it closer and began to examine it more carefully. Suddenly I started back, an exclamation of surprise bursting from my lips. For upon the front of the garment, directly above the waist, as if it had been convulsively clutched, was the bloody impress of a man's hand—a hand *lacking the middle finger!*

It was all very plain now, and when my first great astonishment was over I carefully laid my *treasure* (?) aside, and sat down to think the matter over.

Sleep was a stranger to my eyes that night, and early upon the succeeding day, taking the bloody cloak, and an officer with me, I visited the residence of the late Leroy Greenwald.

Leaving the bundle in the hall in the keeping of the constable I unceremoniously made my way into the presence of Miss Greenwald, who seemed not a little disconcerted at my unexpected appearance, but directly, recovering her usual equanimity, she politely requested me to be seated.

"No doubt you are surprised to see me at this early hour of the day," I said, coolly taking a chair, "but I come upon business pertaining to the death of your grandfather."

"You have made no discoveries?" she half interrogatively said, in a voice that was not wholly calm.

"I hope that I have a clue to the real murderer," I replied, narrowly watching the effect of my words.

"Indeed!" she ejaculated with a start.

"Let me say," I quickly amended, "that I believe I can lay my finger upon the guilty person."

She gave me a wild, frightened look, and bent her face down close to mine. It was utterly devoid of color, and overspread by a deep grayish pallor as of death.

"Who—who is it?" she gasped.

"Who? Have you no idea, Miss Greenwald?"

"How should I?" she faltered.

"But you have!" I said. "Nay, you know to a positive certainty who killed that old man!"

She regarded me with something of dreamy terror a moment, and then sank back quivering into the chair from whence she had partially arisen.

"How should I?" she repeated.

"I will tell you, then," I said. "It was *you!*"

She made no attempt to speak—to deny it; she only sat and panted, and glared at me in a frozen, dreamy way.

"Your vain and wayward ways," I went on, "estranged you from the old man, your grandfather; and in an evil moment, when you believed no eyes were around to observe your movements, you thought to rid yourself of him forever, and how successfully you succeeded you very well know."

"Your proofs! your proofs!" she gasped, clutching eagerly at this last alternative.

Without answering I rose, and going to the door, beckoned the officer to approach. When he had come up I took the cloak from his hands, and turning about, held it up to her view.

"Is this proof sufficient?" I asked. "Although no one saw the murder, there were those that saw the disposal of this."

Quivering in every limb, and with a face as pale as death, she sank upon her knees, moaning in a broken, terror-stricken voice,

"I was mad when I did it! For the love of Heaven do not expose me!"

At a signal from me the constable came forward and took charge of the shrinking woman. A cab was already at the door, and dragging her to her feet, we soon had her safely in it, seated between us.

A few minutes' drive brought us to the office of a magistrate, where we had intended to have gone through a more formal examination ere committing her to the walls of a prison. But a higher tribunal here stepped in and claimed cognizance, for upon attempting to move her from her seat, we found her dead. A knowledge of the exposure of her own enormous guilt had killed her.

GEOGRAPHY ON THE LONDON 'CHANGE.

PORTLY STOCKJOBBER (GLOOMILY.) "Those bonds are down again! It appears the Americans have taken umbrage—"

STUMPY DITTO. "The deuce they have! Whereabouts is that?"

Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces *double* rates on the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires better postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

THE CHROMO.—In answer to inquiries we would say that the offer of a Chromo, or one of our large Engravings, as a premium, is intended for new subscriptions, or the renewal of old ones, in advance, at $3. All subscribers at $3 are entitled to the Chromo or an Engraving by remitting ten cents to pay the cost of wrapping, postage, &c.

UNKNOWN, (Illinois,) writes: "There is a young gentleman in this place where I live, and a young lady and myself have fallen in love with him, and I want him. Please tell me what to do." We hardly know what advice to give on so delicate a subject. We have had some slight acquaintance with love matters, but have never been placed in your peculiar position, so cannot speak from experience. A young lady friend says, if she were you, she would "Go for him." But far be it from us to indulge in slang, even to please the ladies. Some love-maxims say that you must not let him learn your love. Be distant with him, and he will try to be near with you. Others say that love begets love, and that affection perceived is likely to set the manly heart on fire with love. Between such diverse maxims you can certainly choose some golden mean.

F. F. says: "What part of a fowl is the merry-thought?" Webster answers, "The forked bone of a fowl's breast, which is broken in sport by two persons, one pulling at each end, the longest part broken being taken as an omen that the one who gets it will be married first; a wish bone."

A. H., (Gibson, Pa.,) writes: "I come to you for some information which I have been unable to obtain elsewhere. At a teacher's examination held at this place recently, this question was asked. Why was the present custom of voting for Electors adopted? The question was unanswered, and the superintendent did not condescend to enlighten the benighted minds assembled there. He said 'probably not one voter in forty understands why he votes for Electors, instead of the man he wants to be elected.' Now I am not a voter and don't want to be; for I do not wish to see the ladies at the polls. But I do want to know something about the business, nevertheless. One question more, and then I promise to hold my peace. Are Shakspeare's plays all fiction, or are some of them founded on facts? If any are true, which ones? Please oblige one who is fearfully ignorant of history." Perhaps your superintendent is as fearfully ignorant of politics as you of history, and failed to answer his own question because he was one of the thirty-nine ignorant out of the forty voters. Voters may well be ignorant of the present use of the Electoral College, since it has long ceased to be of any special use. When the Constitution was formed, it was supposed that if the choice of a President was given to a number of the best and most intelligent citizens of the community, who could meet and deliberate calmly as to the person best fitted for the office, we should probably obtain a better President than by any other mode of choice. This praiseworthy system has not operated as intended. The Electors are chosen in the interests of certain candidates, and in casting his ballot for the Electors each voter knows what candidate his vote will aid. The Electoral College has thus ceased to be of any practical importance. Some of Shakspeare's plays are founded on facts, particularly the historical plays. None of them are literally true. Novels and plays are never to be implicitly trusted for historical facts. They make no pretence to be reliable history so far as small facts are concerned. But to adhere to leading facts, and give the form and pressure of the time.

LEILY, writes: "Please tell me how oysters originate—from spawn or otherwise? Do bees extract honey or manufacture it?" They originate from spawn. The genthiel oyster is an active little fellow, almost imperceptibly small, who swims about with a pair of minute shells already attached to his body. After a short period of perambulation, he takes a settled position in life, becoming attached to some stone, stick, or other resting-place. The remainder of his existence is spent in the pleasant task of eating and growing, and in extracting from the ocean edibles that delicious flavor to which he owes his celebrity. Bees do not manufacture honey. It is found by them, ready made, in the cups of flowers. Their only manufacture is the comb, which is formed by them of wax, also found, ready made, in flowers. In the cells of this comb the honey is deposited.

ZOE, (Highland, Ill.,) writes: "Allow me to ask you a few questions. 1st. Which is the best Medical College in the United States? What is its name, and where is it situated? 2d. Can you tell me where I can get a book entitled Little Goodie? If so, what is its cost and how can I obtain it? 3d. When does the transit of Venus take place? I know the time is not far distant, but I do not know the exact time. 4th. What is the present population of Illinois? 5th. What do you think of my writing?" 1st. We will not undertake to pronounce which is the best Medical College in our country. That at Philadelphia is justly celebrated. 2d. We have no knowledge of such a book. 3d. The next transit of Venus occurs on the 8th of December, 1874. On the 6th of December, 1882, there will be another transit. Extensive preparations are making for the observation of the first of these, as on it greatly depends the settling of the vexed question of the distance of the sun from the earth. 4th. The population of Illinois is about 3,500,000. 5th. Your handwriting is fair.

W. A. McC., (Williamsport, Pa.,) writes: "I take the liberty to ask some questions, though I am only one of the small boy genus, being nearly thirteen years of age. 1st. Are the wires of the Atlantic cable encased in anything; and, if so, what is the material of the casing? 2d. How long does it take a message to go across the ocean? 3d. Is Yeddo, Japan, greater in population than London; and, if so, how much? 4th. Where, when, and how did the custom start of putting up a red, white and blue post for a barber's sign?" 1st. The cable wires are encased in several coatings. The centre is composed of a steel wire. Around this several copper wires are wound spirally. These form the conductor, copper being the best conducting metal for electricity. These are coated with gutta percha, in three layers. Outside of this is a coating of Manilla yarn, wound spirally in one direction, and a second coating wound in the other direction. The gutta percha is intended, by its non-conducting properties, to insulate the electricity in the wire, and the Manilla yarn to protect the gutta percha. 2d. It depends on the length of the message. Each electric charge crosses in an almost imperceptible time. 3d. Yeddo has less population than London. It is variously estimated to contain from 1,500,000 to 2,500,000 inhabitants. 4. Barbers formerly exercised the art of surgery in connection with their other duties, and employed as a sign a striped pole with a basin attached. The stripes were intended to represent the bandage wrapped round the patient's arm previous to drawing blood, and the basin that in which the blood was caught. Barbers still retain this striped pole for their sign, though the basin is no longer attached.

KELSEY, (Templeton,) writes: "Please inform me what is the average weekly pay of reporters for the daily press, supposing them to have a considerable experience?" We do not know positively—probably about twenty dollars.

F. G. C., (Westmoreland Co., Pa.,) writes: "Please answer me a few questions. 1st. If a young man would ask a young lady for her company, and it was not engaged, and she would object, and the young man had been going with her, would it be proper to ask her for her reasons why she objected? 2d. Where can I get a book to learn how to report for a paper? 3d. Would it be proper for a young man to write to a young lady, and send her his photograph, having no acquaintance with the young lady? 4th. Who first invented the game of authors and when? 5th. Would it be right to go with a young lady on Sabbath night from church or prayer meeting? 6th. What do you think of my handwriting?" 1st. It would be proper to ask, but not to press her too strongly for an answer. She would not be bound to answer unless she wished to. 2d. We know of no such book. You can best learn by studying newspaper reports, and by practice. 3d. Certainly not. It would be very improper. 4th. We do not know. The game is not of sufficient importance to have any historical value. 5th. It would be perfectly right if the lady had no objections. 6th. You write a good hand.

G. G. (Summit Hill, O.,) writes: "Being a constant reader of the dear old Post, I take the liberty of asking you a few questions: 1st. Is it proper for a young lady to ask a gentleman acquaintance for his photograph? 2d. What Latin grammar would you recommend to beginners? Is not Harkness' the standard Latin Grammar? 3d. Is there any college or seminary for ladies in the United States, free of charge? My parents are not able to send me away to school, and my highest ambition is to be a polished scholar. 4th. What will promote the growth of hair and what is good to clear the complexion? 5th. What think you of my handwriting, grammar, etc?" 1st. Certainly, if well-acquainted with him, not otherwise. 2d. There are numerous Latin grammars, all based on the same principle. The one you mention is at present the standard. 3d. There is none exclusively for ladies so far as we know. The State Normal Schools are free, and are largely made up of ladies. Your ambition is a laudable one, and we hope you may succeed in your purpose. 4th. We know nothing that can be relied on. Salt and bay rum are said to be very good. Keep your hair clean, all dead ends cut off, and avoid twisting it into tight masses, or loading it with foreign substances, also torturing it with hot irons. We gave, a week or two ago, several cosmetics. Try buttermilk and horseradish, as given in the answer referred to. 5th. They are very passable.

BILLY G. (Iowa,) writes: "Please help us to decide a question which we have been quarrelling about this evening. The question is, whether it is essential to study algebra for a business education. I hope you will not cast this aside, for we will wait impatiently for your opinion. What do you think of my handwriting and orthography?" It is not essential. All business questions can be solved without the aid of algebra. Your handwriting needs improvement. Your orthography is correct with the exception of two misspelt words.

TECUMSEH, (Philada.,) says: "I am sixteen years of age, and I have been troubled for some years with pimples on my face, and I would like to know of something that will remove them. None of our family have ever had anything of the kind, and it makes me always so embarrassed in company. Please tell me of something. What do you think of my penmanship?" It depends greatly upon the cause of the pimples. If they proceed from an unhealthy state of the blood, avoid milk, pastry, and cakes; eat brown bread, and take plenty of exercise in the fresh air. Perhaps you had better diet generally for awhile. Your penmanship is moderately good, but needs improvement.

(Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.)

RECEIPTS.

RELISH FOR CHOPS.—Pound one ounce of black pepper, half an ounce of allspice, one ounce of salt, half an ounce of scraped horse-radish, and the same of small, mild onions, peeled and quartered. Put these into one pint of mushroom ketchup, let them steep for a fortnight, and then strain it. A teaspoonful of this is very good with gravy for chops or steaks, or added to thick melted butter.

BROWN BREAD.—Two coffee cups of Indian meal, one cup of rye, a teaspoonful of salt and one teaspoonful of soda stirred into a little less than a cup of molasses till it foams; after sifting the meal, pick over the bran, put it back into the meal, as the coarser the bread, especially brown bread, the lighter and more nutritious. Mix quite soft with cold water, and steam one hour and a half or bake the same time; two hours doing no harm. I consider baking better; and use a three-pint tin-pail, putting on the cover when half done or crusted over the top.

VARIOUS WAYS OF PREPARING CABBAGE.—In this part of the country there is a great deal of cabbage used, but it is very seldom boiled whole. It is cut, as for cold-slaw, and cooked in various ways, and is more delicate, while the odor of boiled cabbage is wholly avoided. In cooking, use a very little water and salt; cook a few minutes, add butter or meat frying, or, better still, a cup of cream added just before it is done. Some add vinegar, and let it boil up once.

The nicest way I ever saw cabbage cooked is as follows: The cabbage is cut as for cold-slaw, an egg is beaten up with a little sweet cream and a little sugar in a separate dish; the amount of vinegar you wish to use is at hand in another dish. Everything being ready, drop a little piece of butter into the pot over a good fire; do not let it fry, or it will discolor the cabbage, but add immediately the cream preparation and the vinegar, and stir until just ready to boil, and then empty in the cabbage, and stir on, letting it boil one minute or five minutes according to taste. This is to eat warm, but is good cold, though not so nice as the following. Cut the cabbage and lay in a dish as before. Take the amount of vinegar necessary, a little sugar, and a little butter; as soon as this boils pour it over the cabbage, and set it away to cool. It is impossible to give a precise rule, as cabbages differ so much in compactness, and vinegar varies in sourness. These preparations are all good for lettuce; and the one with cream, egg, and vinegar, leaving out the sugar, is excellent for mashed potatoes in the Spring, when that vegetable is not always of good quality and the appetite craves something decided.

CARRAGEEN OR IRISH MOSS BLANCMANGE.—Wash in three waters half an ounce of Carrageen moss; drain and put it in two quarts of new milk, let it boil for a few minutes, strain it in a pitcher, wet the moulds, and pour it in while hot; let it stand till it becomes thick, when it may be eaten with sugar and cream, seasoned with peach or rose water, or with a little lemon rolled in the sugar. Some prefer seasoning the blancmange before putting it in the moulds. It will keep in a cool place two days, and it is better to be made the day before it is eaten.

SNOW PANCAKES.—The batter should be mixed with new milk, and rather thick, and a tablespoonful of snow beaten up quickly into each pancake just before it is poured into the frying-pan. If the snow melts before it is mixed and poured into the pan the pancakes will be heavy.

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 26 letters.
My 19, 20, 23, 9, 16, 2, is the name of a planet.
My 4, 20, 11, 4, 13, 14, is the name of a river in India.
My 21, 25, 10, 6, was the name of a Roman emperor.
My 12, 15, 18, 16, is the name of an animal.
My 17, 3, 26, 7, is the name of a cape in the western part of Africa.
My 24, 22, 8, 23, 3, 2, 23, 1, 8, 14, is the name of a people that inhabit the southern part of Africa.
My whole is a common saying. F. F. J.

ANAGRAMS.

CITIES IN THE UNITED STATES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. Kill vs. clear.
2. Old outs.
3. Gas win a seat.
4. Pin beam.
5. I grinds pelf.
6. O, my pail!
7. Hale, salt sea.
8. Col. Linn.
9. Real Ana Dix.
10. Tried to.
11. Lib, love one.
12. Lent car.

Fort Totten, D. T. GAHMEW.

BURIED CITIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. Mrs. Mordven, I cede to no command.
2. Papa risked his life to save me.
3. Tom, I landed at Kilby wharf.
4. Mrs. Shober lined her cloak with silk.
5. Miss Mainro met an old friend.
6. Mr. Aden Verner is a good artist.
7. Miss Rebecca, I rode over to see your brother.
8. Mr. Dulon donned his overcoat for a ride.
9. A spark from a man's pipe kindled the great fire.
10. Please, pa, don't snub Ernest Mansom.
11. Did you dub Lina C., Miss Dismal?
12. Why, Mate, he ran regularly on the race-course.
13. Mr. Baron entered his carriage and drove off.
14. When I finish my nap, Leslie must come in.
15. Can't old John Socal cut tan bark?

N. C. D.

WORD SQUARE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A fortified building
A shrub.
Force.
One who believes in God.
One to whom a lease is made.
The feast of Christ's resurrection.

Seaboard, N. C. EUGENE.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Three poles, each 50 feet long, are erected on a plain so that the upper ends meet, and the lower ends are 60 feet apart. What length of rope will reach from their meeting point to the ground?

W. H. MORROW,

Manor Station, Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

Hands have they, yet steal not—Clocks.
Legs have they, yet walk not—Tables.
Teeth have they, yet chew not—Combs.
Lips have they, yet kiss not—Pitchers.
Eyes have they, yet see not—Needles.
Hearts have they, yet pity not—Cabbages.
Ears have they, yet hear not—Old book leaves.
Arms have they, yet toil not—Chairs.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.—The simple inherit folly; but the prudent are crowned with knowledge. Proverbs, 14th chap., 18th verse.

BURIED CITIES.—1. Beatrice. 2. Fair Play. 3. Lewiston. 4. Stockton. 5. Ironton. 6. Jackson. 7. Le Grand. 8. Menasha. 9. Aurora. 10. Austin. 11. Carson. 12. Denver. 13. Mobile. 14. Ionia.

ANAGRAMS.—

I.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

II.

See how the morning sun
Pursues his shining way,
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With every brightening ray.

WORD SQUARES—

I.	II.
ROAD	GRANT
ONCE	REFER
ACRE	AFORE
DEER	NERVE
	TREES

CHARADE.—Ant-hill.

☞ If you lose a watch, or a dog, or a child, or if you desire people not to trust your wife, you rush to your local paper, knowing that every one will read the advertisement. But you will plod along in business, year after year, without calculating how much you are losing by not advertising it.